THE

WORKS

OF

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

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ΣΜΙΚΥΤΟΣ

ΜΟΣΚΟΒΙΑ

NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

N O T E S.

NOTES

NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

Note I.

—— The heights of Uam-var,
And round that cavern, where 'tis told
A giant made his den of old. — St. I. p. 6.

Ua-var, as the name is pronounced, or more properly *Uaighmor*, is a mountain to the north-east of the village of Callender in Menteith, deriving its name, which signifies the great den, or cavern, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said, by tradition, to have been the abode of a giant. In latter times, it was the refuge of robbers and banditti, who have been only extirpated within these forty or fifty years. Strictly speaking, this strong-hold is not a cave, as the name would imply, but a sort of small inclosure, or recess, surround-ed

with large rocks, and open above head. It may have been originally designed as a toil for deer, who might get in from the outside, but would find it difficult to return. This opinion prevails among the old sportsmen and deer-stalkers in the neighbourhood.

Note II.

Two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, strength, and speed. —
St. VII. p. 8.

„The hounds which we call Saint Hubert's hounds, are commonly all blacke, yet neuertheless, their race is so mingled at these days, that we find them of all colours. These are the hounds which the abbots of St. Hubert haue always kept some of their race or kind, in honour or remembrance of the saint, which was a hunter with S. Eustace. Whereupon we may conceiue that (by the grace of God) all good huntsmen shall follow them into paradise. To returne vnto my former purpose, this kind of dogges hath beene dispersed thorough the countries of Henault, Lorayne, Flaunders, and Burgoyne. They are mighty of body, neuertheless their legges are low and short, likewise they are not swift, although they be very good of sent, hunt-

ing chaces which are farre straggled, fearing neither water nor cold, and doe more couet the chaces that smell, as foxes, bore, and such like, than other, because they find themselues neither of swiftness nor courage to hunt and kill the chases thet are lighter and swifter. The bloodhounds of this colour prooue good, especially those that are coleblacke; but I made no great account to breede on them, or to keepe the kind, and yet I found a booke which a hunter did dedicate to a prince of Lorayne, which seemed to loue hunting much, wherein was a blason which the same hunter gaue to his bloodhound, called Souyllard, which was white:

> My name came first from holy Hubert's race,
> Souyllard my sire, a hound of singular grace.

Whereupon we may presume that some of the kind prooue white sometimes, but they are not of the kind of the Greffiers or Bouxes, which we haue at these dayes." — *The noble Art of Venerie or Hunting, translated and collected for the Use of all Noblemen and Gentlemen.* Lond. 1611. 4. p. 15.

Note III.

For the death stroke, and death halloo,
Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew. —
St. VIII. p. 9.

When the stag turned to bay, the ancient hunter had the perilous task of going in upon, and killing or disabling the desperate animal. At certain times of the year this was held particularly dangerous, a wound received from a stag's horns being then deemed poisonous, and more dangerous than one from the tusks of a boar, as the old rhyme testifies:

If thou be hurt with hart, it brings thee to thy bier;
But barber's hand will boar's hurt heal, therefore thou needs not fear.

At all times, however, the task was dangerous, and to be adventured upon wisely and warily, either by getting behind the stag while he was gazing on the hounds, or by watching an opportunity to gallop roundly in upon him, and kill him with the sword. See many directions to this purpose in the Booke of Hunting, chap. 41. Wilson the historian has recorded a providential escape which befel him in this hazardous sport, while a youth and follower of the Earl of Essex.

«Sir Peter Lee, of Lime, in Cheshire, invited my lord one summer, to hunt the stagg. And having a great stagg in chase, and many gentlemen in the pursuit, the stagg took soyle. And divers, whereof I was one, alighted, and stood with swords drawne, to have a cut at him, at his coming out of the water. The staggs there being wonderfully fierce and dangerous, made us youths more eager to be at him. But he escaped us all. And it was my misfortune to be hindered of my coming nere him, the way being sliperie, by a fall; which gave occasion to some, who did not know mee, to speake as if I had falne for feare. Which being told me, I left the stagg, and followed the gentleman who (first) spake it. But I found him of that cold temper, that it seems his words made an escape from him; as by his denial and repentance it appeared. But this made mee more violent in pursuit of the stagg, to recover my reputation. And I happened to be the only horseman in; when the dogs sett him up at bay; and approaching near him on horse-łacke, he broke through the dogs, and run at mee, and tore my horse's side with his hornes, close by my thigh. Then I quitted my horse, and grew more cunning, (for the dogs had sette him up againe,) stealing behind him with my sword, and cut his ham-strings; and

then got upon his back, and cut his throate; which, as I was doing, the company came in, and blamed my rashness for running such a hazard." — PECK's *Desiderata Curiosa*, II. 464.

Note IV.

And now to issue from the glen
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice. — St. XIV. p. 14.

Until the present road was made through the romantic pass which I have presumptuously attempted to describe in the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of issuing out of the defile, called the Trosachs, excepting by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of the trees.

Note V.

To meet with highland plunderers here,
Were worse than loss of steed or deer. —
St. XVI. p. 16.

The clans who inhabited the romantic regions in the neighbourhood of Loch Katrine, were, even until a late period, much addicted to predatory excursions upon their lowland neighbours.

„In former times, those parts of this district, which are situated beyond the Grampian range, were rendered almost inaccessible, by strong barriers of rocks, and mountains, and lakes. It was a border country, and though on the very verge of the low country, it was almost totally sequestered from the world, and, as it were, insulated with respect to society.

„'Tis well known, that in the highlands, it was, in former times, accounted not only lawful, but honourable, among hostile tribes, to commit depredations on one another; and these habits of the age were perhaps strengthened in this district, by the circumstances which have been mentioned. It bordered on a country, the inhabitants of which, while they were richer, were less warlike than they, and widely differenced by language and manners." — GRAHAM's *Sketches of Scenery in Perthshire.* Edin. 1806, p. 97.

The reader will therefore be pleased to remember, that the scene of this poem is laid in a time,

When tooming faulds, or sweeping of a glen,
Had still been held the deed of gallant men.

Note VI.

A grey-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent. —St. XXIII.
p. 22.

If force of evidence could authorise us to believe facts inconsistent with the general laws of nature, enough might be produced in favour of the existence of the Second-Sight. It is called in Gaelic *Taishitaraugh*, from *Taish*, an unreal or shadowy appearance; and those possessed of the faculty are called *Taishatrin*, which may be aptly translated visionaries. Martin, a steady believer in the second-sight, gives the following account of it:

«The second-sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that uses it for that end; the vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see, nor think of any thing else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them.

«At the sight of a vision, the eye lids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are by, when the persons happen

to see a vision, and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me.

«There is one in Skie, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision, the inner part of his eye-lids turns so far upwards, that after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employ others to draw them down, which he finds to be the much easier way.

«This faculty of the second-sight does not lineally descend in a family, as some imagine, for I know several parents who are endowed with it, but their children not, and *vice versa*; neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And, after a strict inquiry, I could never learn that this faculty was communicable any way whatsoever.

«The seer knows neither the object, time, nor place of a vision, before it appears; and the same object is often seen by different persons, living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstance of an object, is by observation; for several persons of judgment, without this faculty, are more capable to judge of the design of a vision, than a novice that is a seer. If an object appear in the day or night, it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

«If an object is seen early in the morning, (which is not frequent,) it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards. If at noon, it will commonly be accomplished that very day. If in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night: the later always in accomplishment, by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision is seen.

«When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostick of death: the time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer; and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shewn me, when the persons of whom the observations were then made, enjoyed perfect health.

«One instance was lately foretold by a seer that was a novice, concerning the death of one of my acquaintance; this was communicated to a few only, and with great confidence: I being one of the number, did not in the least regard it, until the death of the person, about the time foretold, did confirm me of the certainty of the prediction. The novice mentioned above,

is now a skilfull seer, as appears from many late instances: he lives in the parish of St. Mary's, the most northern in Skie.

«If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried, at the time of the apparition.

«If two or three women are seen at once near a man's left hand, she that is next him will undoubtedly be his wife first, and so on, whether all three, or the man, be single or married at the time of the vision or not; of which there are several late instances among those of my acquaintance. It is an ordinary thing for them to see a man that is to come to the house shortly after; and if he is not of the seer's acquaintance, yet he gives such a lively description of his stature, complexion, habit etc. that upon his arrival he answers the character given him in all respects.

«If the person so appearing be one of the seer's acquaintance, he will tell his name, as well as other particulars; and he can tell by his countenance whether he comes in a good or bad humour.

«I have been seen thus myself by seers of both sexes, at some hundred miles distance; some that saw me in this manner had never

seen me personally, and it happened according to their visions, without any previous design of mine to go to those places, my coming there being purely accidental.

«It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees in places void of all three; and this in progress of time uses to be accomplished: as at Mogshot, in the Isle of Skie, where there were but a few sorry cow-houses, thatched with straw, yet in a very few years after, the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished, by the building of several good houses on the very spot represented by the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

«To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arm or breast, is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those persons; of which there are several fresh instances.

«To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death soon after.

«When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the secondsight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and comes near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

„Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people, having a corpse which they carry along with them; and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the peo

ple that appeared: if there be any of their acquaintance among em, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers, but they know nothing concerning the corpse.

„All those who have the second-sight do not always see these visions at once, though they be together at the time. But if one who has this faculty, designedly touch his fellowseer at the instant of a vision's appearing, then the second sees it as well as the first; and this is sometimes discerned by those that are near them on such occassions." — MARTIN's *Description of the Western Islands*, 1716, 8vo p. 300, *et seq.*

To these particulars innumerable examples might be added, all attested by grave and credible authors. But, in despite of evidence, which neither Bacon, Boyle, nor Johnson, were able to resist, the *Taisch*; with all its visionary properties, seems to be now universally abandoned to the use of poetry. The exquisitely beautiful poem of Lochiel will at once occur to the recollection of every reader.

Note VII.

There, for retreat in dangerous hour;
Some chief had framed a rustic bower. —
St. XXVI. p. 28.

The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic hut, in a strong and secluded situation. One of these last gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward, in his perilous wanderings after the battle of Culloden.

„It was situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain, called Letternilichk, still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The habitation called the Cage, in the face of that mountain, was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for a habitation; and as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other; and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes, made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the Cage, it being of a round or rather oval shape; and the whole thatched and covered over with fog. The whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree,

which reclined from the one end, all along the roof, to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage; and by chance there happened to be two stones at a small distance from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here, all along the fall of the rock, which was so much of the same colour, that one could discover no difference in the clearest day." — HOME's *History of the Rebellion,* Lond. 1802. 4to. p. 381.

Note VIII.

My sire's tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus or Ascabart. — St. XXVIII. p. 26.

These two sons of Anak flourished in romantic fable. The first is well known to the admirers of Ariosto, hy the name of Ferrau. He was an antagonist of Orlando, and was at length slain by him in single combat. There is a romance in the Auchinleck MS., in which Ferragus is thus described:

„On a day come tiding
Unto Charls the King,
Al of a doughti knigh

Was comen to Navers,
Stout he was and fers,
Veruagu he hight.
Of Babiloun the soudan
Thider him sende gan,
With King Charls to fight.
So hard he was to-fond [1]
That no dint of brond
No greued him, aplight.

He hadde twenti men strengthe,
And forti fet of lengthe,
Thilke painim hede, [2]
And four feet in the face,
Y-meten [3] in the place,
And fiften in brede. [4]
His nose was a fot and more;
His brow, as brestles wore; [5]
He that it scighe it sede.
He loked lotheliche,
And was swart [6] as any piche,
Of him men might adrede.»

Romance of Charlemagne, l. 461. 484. *Auchinleck MS.* fol. 265.

1 *Found, proved.* 2 *Had.* 3 *Measured.* 4 *Breadth.* 5 *Were.* 6 *Black.*

Ascapart, or Ascabart, makes a very material figure in the History of Bevis of Hampton, by whom he was conquered. His effigies may be seen, guarding one side of a gate at Southampton, while the other is occupied by Sir Bevis himself. The dimensions of Ascapart were little inferior to those of Ferragus, if the following description be correct:

«They metten with a geaunt,
With a lótheliche semblaunt.
He was wonderliche strong,
Rome [1] thretti fote long.
His berd was bot gret and rowe; [2]
A space of a fot betweene is [3] browe;
His clob was, to yeue [4] a strok,
A lite bodi of an oak. [5]
Beues hadde of him wonder gret,
And askede him what a het, [6]
And yaf [7] men of his contré
Were ase meche [8] ase was he.
'Me name,' a sede, [9] 'is Ascopard,
Garci me sent hiderward,
For to bring this quene ayen,
And thé Beues her of-slen. [10]
Icham Garci is [11] champioun,

1 *Fully.* 2 *Rough.* 3 *His.* 4 *Give.* 5 *The stem of a little oak tree.* 6 *He hight, was called.* 7 *If.* 8 *Great.* 9 *He said.* 10 *Slay.* 11 *His.*

And was i-driue out of me [12] toun
Al for that ich was so lite. [13]
Eueri man me wolde smite,
Ich was so lite and so merugh, [14]
Eueri man me clepede dwerugh. [15]
And now icham in this londe,
I wax mor [16] ich understonde,
And strangere than other tene; [17]
And that schel on us be sene."

Sir Bevis of Hampton, I. 2512. *Auchinleck MS.* fol. 189.

Note IX.

Though all unasked his birth or name. — St. XXIX. p. 27.

The highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilious excess, are said to have considered it as churlish, to ask a stranger his name or lineage, before he had taken refreshment. Feuds were so frequent among them, that a contrary rule would, in many cases, have produced the discovery of some circumstance, which might have excluded the guest from the benefit of the assistance he stood in need of.

12 *My.* 13 *Little.* 14 *Lean.* 15 *Dwarf.* 16 *Greater, taller.* 17 *Ten.*

Note X.

—— And still a harp unseen,
Filled up the symphony between. — St. XXX. p. 28.

«They (meaning the highlanders) delight much in musicke, but chiefly in harps and clairschoes of their own fashion. The strings of the clairschoes are made of brasse-wire, and the strings of the harps of sinews; which strings they strike either with their nayles, growing long, or else with an instrument appointed for that use. They take great pleasure to decke their harps and clairschoes with silver and precious stones; the poore ones that cannot attayne hereunto, decke them with christall. They sing verses prettilly compound, contayning (for the most part) prayses of valiant men. There is not almost any other argument, whereof their rhymes intreat. They speak the ancient French language, altered a little.» * — «The harp and clairschoes are now only heard of in the highlands in ancient song. At what period these instruments ceased to be used, is not on record; and tradition is silent on this head. But,

* Vide „Certayne Matters concerning the Realme of Scotland, etc. as they were Anno Domini 1597. London 1603." 4to.

as Irish harpers occasionally visited the highlands and western isles till lately, the harp might have been extant so late as the middle of the present century. Thus far we know, that from remote times down to the present, harpers were received as welcome guests, particularly in the highlands of Scotland; and so late as the latter end of the sixteenth century, as appears by the above quotation, the harp was in common use among the natives of the western isles. How it happened that the noisy and inharmonious bagpipe banished the soft and expressive harp, we cannot say; but certain it is, that the bagpipe is now the only instrument that obtains universally in the highland districts." — CAMPBELL's *Journey through North Britain.* Lond. 1808. 4to I. 175.

Mr Gunn, of Edinburgh, has lately published a curious essay upon the harp and harp music of the highlands of Scotland. That the instrument was once in common use there, is most certain. Cleland numbers an acquaintance with it among the few accomplishments which his satire allows to the Highlanders: —

> In nothing they're accounted sharp,
> Except in bag-pipe or in harp.

NOTES TO CANTO SECOND.

Note I.

Morn's genial influence waked a minstrel grey. — St. I. p. 37.

That Highland chieftains, to a late period, retained in their service the bard, as a family officer, admits of very easy proof. The author of the Letters from Scotland, an officer of engineers, quartered at Inverness about 1720, who certainly cannot be deemed a favourable witness, gives the following account of the office, and of a bard, whom he heard exercise his talent of recitation: —

«The bard is skilled in the genealogy of all the highland families, sometimes preceptor to the young laird, celebrates in Irish verse the original of the tribe, the famous warlike actions of the successive heads, and sings his own lyricks as an opiate to the chief, when indisposed for sleep; but poets are not equally estee-

med and honoured in all countries. I happened to be a witness of the dishonour done to the muse, at the house of one of the chiefs, where two of these bards were set at a good distance, at the lower end of a long table, with a parcel of highlanders of no extraordinary appearance, over a cup of ale. Poor inspiration!

«They were not asked to drink a glass of wine at our table, though the whole company consisted only of the *great man*, one of his near relations, and myself.

«After some little time, the chief ordered one of them to sing me a highland song. The bard readily obeyed, and with a hoarse voice, and in a tune of few various notes, began, as I was told, one of his own lyricks; and when he had proceeded to the fourth or fifth stanza, I perceived, by the names of several persons, glens and mountains, which I had known or heard of before, that it was an account of some clan battle. But in his going on, the chief (who piques himself upon his schoollearning) at some particular passage, bid him cease, and cryed out, 'There's nothing like that in Virgil or Homer.' I bowed, and told him I believed so. This you may believe was very edifying and delightful."— *Letters from Scotland*, II. 167.

Note II.

—— *The Græme.* — St. VI. p. 42.

The ancient and powerful family of Graham, (which, for metrical reasons, is here spelt after the Scottish pronunciation,) held extensive possessions in the conties of Dumbarton and Stirling. Few families can boast of more historical renown, having claim to three of the most remarkable characters in the Scottish annals. Sir John the Græme, the faithful and undaunted partaker of the labours and patriotic warfare of Wallace, fell in the unfortunate field of Falkirk, in 1298. The celebrated Marquis of Montrose, in whom De Retz saw realized his abstract idea of the heroes of antiquity, was the second of these worthies. And, notwithstanding the severity of his temper, and the rigour with which he executed the oppressive mandates of the princes whom he served, I do not hesitate no name as the third, John Græme, of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, whose heroic death, in the arms of victory, may be allowed to cancel the memory of his cruelty to the non-conformists, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.

Note III.

This harp which erst Saint Modan swayed.
St. VII. p. 42.

I am not prepared to shew that Saint Modan was a performer on the harp. It was, however, no unsaintly accomplishment; for Saint Dunstan certainly did play upon that instrument, which, retaining, as was natural, a portion of the sanctity attached to its master's character, announced future events by its spontaneous sound. «But labouring once in these mechanic arts for a devoute matrone that had sett him on work, his violl, that hung by him on the wall, of its own accord, without anie man's helpe, distinctly sounded this anthime: *Gaudent in cælis animae sanctorum qui Christi vestigia sunt secuti; et quia pro eius amore sanguinem suum fuderunt, ideo cum Christo gaudent aeternum.* Whereat all the companie being much astonished, turned their eyes from behoulding him working, to looke on that strange accident.» ... «Not long after, manie of the court that hitherunto had born a kind of fayned friendship towards him, began now greatly to envie at his progresse and rising in goodness, using manie crooked, backbiting meanes to diffame his vertues with the black markes of hypocrisie. And the better

to authorise their calumnie, they brought in this that happened in the violl, affirming it to have been done by art magick. What more? this wicked rumour encreased dayly, till the king and others of the nobilitie taking hould thereof, Dunstan grew odious in their sight. Therfore he resolued to leaue the court, and goe to Elphegus, surnamed the Bauld, then bishop of Winchester, who was his cozen. Which his enemies understanding, they layd wayte for him in the way, and hauing throwne him off his horse, beate him, and dragged him in the durt in the most miserable manner, meaning to haue slaine him, had not a companie of mastiue dogges, that came unlookt uppon them, defended and redeemed him from their crueltie. When with sorrow he was ashamed to su dogges more humane than they. And giuing thankes to Almightie God, he sensibly againe perceiued that the tunes of his violl had giuen him a warning of future accidents." — *Flower of the Lives of the most renowned Saincts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, by the* R. Father Hierome Porter. Doway. 1632. 4to. Tome I. 438.

The same supernatural circumstance is alluded to by the anonymous author of «Grim, the Collier of Croydon."

«—— [*Dunstan's harp sounds on the wall.*]
Forest. Hark, hark, my lord, the holy abbot's harp
Sounds by itself so hanging on the wall!
Dunstan. Unhallowed man, that scorn'st the sacred rede,
Hark, how the testimony of my truth
Sounds heavenly music with an angel's hand,
To testify Dunstan's integrity,
And prove thy active boast of no effect.«

Note IV.

Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,
Were exiled from their native heaven. —
St. VIII. p. 43.

The downfall of the Douglasses of the house of Angus, during the reign of James V., is the event alluded to in the text. The Earl of Angus, it will be remembered, had married the queen dowager, and availed himself of the right which he thus acquired, as well as of his extensive power, to retain the king in a sort of tutelage, which approached very near to captivity. Several open attempts were made to rescue James from this thraldom, with which he was well known to be deeply disgusted; but the valour of the Douglasses, and their allies,

gave them the victory in every conflict. At length, the king, while residing at Falkland, contrived to escape by night out of his own court and palace, and rode full speed to Stirling Castle, where the governor, who was of the opposite faction, joyfully received him. Being thus at liberty, James speedily summoned around him such peers as he knew to be most inimical to the domination of Angus, and laid his complaint before them, says Pitscottie, «with great lamentations: showing to them how he was holden in subjection, thir years bygone, by the Earl of Angus, and his kin and friends, who oppressed the whole country, and spoiled it, under the pretence of justice and his authority; and had slain many of his lieges, kinsmen, and friends, because they would have had it mended at their hands, and put him at liberty, as he ought to have been, at the counsel of his whole lords, and not have been subjected and corrected with no particular men, by the rest of his nobles: Therefore, said he, I desire, my lords, that I may be satisfied of the said earl, his kin, and friends; for I avow, that Scotland shall not hold us both, while (*i. e. till*) I be revenged on him and his.

«The lords hearing the king's complaint and

lamentation, and also the great rage, fury, and malice, that he bure toward the Earl of Angus, his kin and friends, they concluded all, and thought it best, that he should be summoned to underly the law; if he fand not caution, nor yet compear himself, that he should be put to the horn, with all his kin and friends, so many as were contained in the letters. And further, the lords ordained, by advice of his majesty, that his brother and friends should be summoned to find caution to underly the law within a certain day, or else be put to the horn. But the earl appeared not, nor none for him; and so he was put to the horn, with all his kin and friends: so many as were contained in the summons, that compeared not, were banished, and holden traitors to the king" — *Lindsay of Pitscottie's History of Scotland.* Edinburgh, fol. p. 142.

Note V.

In Holy-Rood a knight he slew. — St. XII. p. 46.

This was by no means an uncommon occurrence in the court of Scotland; nay the presence of the sovereign himself scarcely restrained the ferocious and inveterate feuds which

were the perpetual source of bloodshed among the Scottish nobility. The following instance of the murder of Sir George Stuart of Ochiltree, called *The Bloody*, by the celebrated Francis Earl of Bothwell, may be produced among many; but, as the offence given in the royal court will hardly bear a vernacular translation, I shall leave the story in Johnstone's Latin, referring for further particulars to the naked simplicity of Birrell's Diary, 30th July, 1588.

«*Mors improbi hominis non tam ipsa immerita, quam pessimo exemplo in publicum fædè perpetrata. Gulielmus Stuartus Alkiltrius, Arani frater, naturá ac moribus, cujus sæpius memini, vulgo propter sitim sanguinis* sanguinarius *dictus, à Bothvelio, in Sanctæ Crucis Regiá, exardescente irá, mendacii probro lacessitus, obscœnum osculum liberius retorquebat; Bothvelius hanc contumeliam tacitus tulit, sed ingentem irarum molem animo concepit. Utrinque postridie Edinburgi conventum, totidem numero comitibus armatis, præsidii causa, et acriter pugnatum est; cæteris amicis et clientibus metu torpentibus, aut vi absterritis, ipse Stuartus fortissimè dimicat, tandem excusso gladio à Bothvelio, Scythicá feritate transfoditur, sine cujusquam misericordiá; habuit itaque quem debuit exitum. Dignus erat Stuartus qui pateretur; Bothveliut qui faceret. Vulgus sanguinem*

sanguine prœdicabat, et horum cruore innocuorum manibus egregiè parentatum." — R. JOHNSTONI *Historia Rerum Britannicarum*, ab anno 1572, ad annum 1628. Amstelodami 1655, fol. p. 135.

Note VI.

Bracklinn's thundering wave. — St. XIV. p. 48.

This is a beautiful cascade made at a place called the Bridge of Bracklinn, by a mountain stream called the Keltie, about a mile from the village of Callander, in Menteith. Above a chasm, where the brook precipitates itself from a height of at least fifty feet, there is thrown, for the convenience of the neighbourhood, a rustic foot-bridge, of about three feet in breadth, and without ledges, which is scarcely to be crossed by a stranger without awe and apprehension.

Note VII.

The Douglas like a stricken deer,
Disowned by every noble peer — St. XII. p. 46.

The exiled state of this powerful race is not exaggerated in this and subsequent passages.

The hatred of James against the race of Douglas was so inveterate, that numerous as their allies were, and disregarded as the regal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, durst not enterdain them, unless under the strictest and closest disguise. James Douglas, son of the banished Earl of Angus, afterwards well known by the title of Earl of Morton, lurked, during the exile of his family, in the north of Scotland, under the assumed name of James Innes, otherwise *James the Grieve*, (i. e. Reve or Bailiff.) «And as he bore the name,» says Godscroft, «so did he also execute the office of a grieve or overseer of the lands and rents, the corn and cattle of him, with whom he lived.» From the habits of frugality and observation, which he acquired in this humble situation, the historian traces that intimate acquaintance with popular character, which enabled him to rise so high in the state; and that honourable œconomy by which he repaired and established the shattered estates of Angus and Morton. — *History of the House of Douglas*, Edinburgh, 1743, vol. II. p. 160.

Note VIII.

Maronnan's cell. — St. XIII. p. 48.

The parish of Kilmarnock, at the eastern extremity of Loch-Lomond, derives its name from a cell or chapel, dedicated to Saint Maronoch, or Marnoch, or Maronan, about whose sanctity very little is now remembered. There is a fountain devoted to him in the same parish, but its virtues, like the merits of its patron, have fallen into oblivion.

Note IX.

For Tine-man forged by fairy lore. — St. XV. p. 49.

Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprizes, that he acquired the epithet of TINEMAN, because he *tined*, or lost, his followers in every battle which he fought. He was vanquished, as every reader must remember, in the bloody battle of Homildon-hill, near Wooler, where he himself lost an eye, and was made prisoner by Hotspur. He was no less unfortunate when allied with Percy, being wounded and taken at the battle of Shrewsbury. He was so unsuccessful in an attempt to besiege Roxburgh Castle, that it was called the *Foul Raid*, or disgraceful expedition. His ill fortune left him indeed at the battle of Beaugé, in France; but it was only

to return with double emphasis at the subsequent action of Vernoil, the last and most unlucky of his encounters, in which he fell, with the flower of the Scottish chivalry, then serving as auxiliaries in France, and about two thousand common soldiers, A. D. 1424.

Note X.

Did, self-unscabbarded, fore-show
The footstep of a secret foe. — St. XV. p. 50.

The ancient warriors, whose hope and confidence rested chiefly in their blades, were accustomed to deduce omens from them, especially from such as were supposed to have been fabricated by enchanted skill, of which we have various instances in the romances and legends of the time. The wonderful sword SKOFNUNG, wielded by the celebrated Hrolf Kraka, was of this description. It was deposited in the tomb of the monarch at his death, and taken from thence by Skeggo, a celebrated pirate, who bestowed it upon his son-in-law, Kormak, with the following curious directions: «The manner of using it will appear strange to you. A small bag is attached to it, which take heed not to violate. Let not the rays of

the sun touch the upper part of the handle, nor unsheathe it, unless thou art ready for battle. But when thou comest to the place of fight, go aside from the rest, grasp and extend the sword, and breathe upon it. Then a small worm will creep out of the handle: lower the handle, that he may more easily return into it." Kormak, after having received the sword, returned home to his mother. He shewed the sword, and attempted to draw it, as unnecessarily as ineffectually, for he could not pluck it out of the sheath. His mother, Dalla, exclaimed, „Do not despise the counsel given to thee, my son." Kormak, however, repeating his efforts, pressed down the handle with his feet, and tore off the bag, when Skofnung emitted a hollow groan: but still he could not unsheathe the sword. Kormak then went out with Bessus, whom he had challenged to fight with him, and drew apart at the place of combat. He sat down upon the ground, and ungirding the sword, which he bore above his vestments, did not remember to shield the hilt from the rays of the sun. In vain he endeavoured to draw it, till he placed his foot against the hilt; then the worm issued from it. But Kormak did not rightly handle the weapon, in consequence whereof good fortune deserted it. As he unsheathed Skofnung, it emitted a hollow

murmur.» — *Bartholini de Causis Contemptæ a Danis adhuc Gentilibus Mortis, Libri Tres. Hafniæ*, 1689. 4to. p. 574.

To the history of this sentient and prescient weapon, I beg leave to add, from memory, the following legend, for which I cannot produce any better authority. A young nobleman, of high hopes and fortune, chanced to lose his way in the town which he inhabited, the capital, if I mistake not, of a German province. He had accidentally involved himself among the narrow and winding streets of a suburb, inhabited by the lowest order of the people, and an approaching thunder-shower determined him to ask a short refuge in the most decent habitation that was near him. He knocked at the door, which was opened by a tall man, of a grisly and ferocious aspect, and sordid dress. The stranger was readily ushered to a chamber, where swords, scourges, and machines, which seemed to be implements of torture, were suspended on the wall. One of these swords dropped from its scabbard, as the nobleman, after a moment's hesitation, crossed the threshold. His host immediately stared at him with such a marked expression, that the young man could not help demanding his name and business, and the meaning of his looking at him so fixedly. «I am,» answered the man, «the pub-

lic executioner of this city; and the incident you have observed is a sure augury, that I shall, in discharge of my duty, one day cut off your head with the weapon which has just now spontaneously unsheathed itself » The nobleman, lost no time in leaving his place of refuge; but, engaging in some of the plots of the period, was shortly after decapitated by that very man and instrument.

Lord Lovat is said, by the author of the Letters from Scotland, to have affirmed, that a number of swords that hung up in the hall of the mansion-house, leaped of themselves out of the scabbard at the instant he was born. This story passed current among his clan, but, like that of the story I have just quoted, proved an unfortunate omen. — *Letters from Scotland*, vol. II. p. 214.

Note XI.

—— *The Pibroch proud.* — St. XVII. p. 52.

The connoisseurs in pipe-music affect to discover in a wellcomposed pibroch, the imitative sounds of march, conflict, flight, pursuit, and all the «current of a heady fight.» To this opinion, Dr Beattie has given his suffrage in the following elegant passage: — A *pibroch* is

a species of tune, peculiar, I think, to the Highlands and western isles of Scotland. It is performed on a bagpipe, and differs totally from all other music. Its rythm is so irregular, and its notes, especially in the quick movement, so mixed and huddled together, that a stranger finds it impossible to reconcile his ear to it, so as to perceive its modulation. Some of these pibrochs, being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion, resembling a march; then gradually quicken into the onset; run off with noisy confusion, and turbulent rapidity, to imitate the conflict and pursuit; then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy; and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession." — *Essay on Laughter and Ludicrous Composition*, Chap. III. *Note.*

Note VII.

Roderigh vich Alpine Dhu, ho! ieroe! —
St. XIX. p. 54.

Besides his ordinary name and surname, which were chiefly used in the intercourse with the Lowlands, every Highland chief had an epithet expressive of his patriarchal dignity as head of the clan, and which was common to all his predecessors and successors, as Pharaoh to the

kings of Egypt, or Arsaces to those of Parthia. This name was usually a patronymic, expressive of his descent from the founder of the family. Thus the Duke of Argyle is called Mac Callan-more; or the *Son of Colin the Great.* Sometimes, however, it is derived from armorial distinction, or the memory of some great feat; thus Lord Seaforth, as chief of the Mackenzies, or Clan-Kennet, bears the epithet of Caber-fae, or *Buck's Head*, as representative of Colin Fitzgerald, founder of the family, who saved the Scottish king, when endangered by a stag. But besides this title, which belonged to his office and dignity the chieftain had usually another peculiar to himself, which distinguished him from the chieftains of the same race. This was sometimes derived from complexion, as *dhu* or *roy*; sometimes from size, as *beg* or *more*; at other times, from some particular exploit, or from some peculiarity of habit or appearance. The line of the text therefore signifies,

Black Roderick, the descendant of Alpine.

The song itself is intended as an imitation of the *jorrams*, or boat-songs of the Highlanders, which were usually composed in honour of a favourite chief. They are so adapted as to keep time with the sweep of the oars, and it

is easy to distinguish between those intended to be sung to the oars of a galley, where the stroke is lengthened and doubled as it were, and those which were timed to the rowers of an ordinary boat.

Note XIII.

The best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side. — St. XX. p. 54.

The Lennox, as the district is called, which encircles the lower extremity of Loch-Lomond, was peculiarly exposed to the incursions of the mountaineers, who inhabited the inaccessible fastnesses at the upper end of the lake, and the neighbouring ditsrict of Loch Katrine. These were often marked by circumstances of great ferocity, of which the noted conflict of Glenfruin is a celebrated instance. This was a clan-battle, in which the Macgregors, headed by Allaster Macgregor, chief of the clan, encountered the sept of Colquhouns, commanded by Sir Humphry Colquhoun of Luss. It is on all hands allowed, that the action was desperately fought, and that the Colquhouns were defeated with slaughter, leaving two hundred of their name dead npon the field. But popular tradition has added other horrors to the tale. It is

said, that Sir Humphry Colquhoun, who was on horseback, escaped to the castle of Benechra, or Banochar, and was next day dragged out and murdered by the victorious Macgregors in cold blood. Buchanan of Auchmar, however, speaks of his slaughter as a subsequent event, and as perpetrated by the Macfarlanes. Again it is reported, that the Macgregors murdered a number of youths, whom report of the intended battle had brought to be spectators, and whom the Colquhouns, anxious for their safety, had shut up in a barn to be out of danger. One account of the Macgregors denies this circumstance entirely: another ascribes it to the savage and blood-thirsty disposition of a single individual, the bastard brother of the laird of Macgregor, who amused himself with this second massacre of the innocents, in express disobedience to the chief, by whom he was left their guardian during the pursuit of the Colquhouns. It is added, that Macgregor bitterly lamented this atrocious action, and prophesied the ruin which it must bring upon their ancient clan. The following account of the conflict, which is indeed drawn up by a friend of the clan Gregor, is altogether silent on the murder of the youths. «In the spring of the year 1602, there happened great dissentions and troubles between the laird of Luss, chief

of the Colquhouns, and Alexander, laird of Macgregor. The original of these quarrels proceeded from injuries and provocations mutually given and received, not long before. Macgregor, however, wanting to have them ended in friendly conferences, marched at the head of two hundred of his clan, to Leven, which borders on Luss, his country, with a view of settling matters by the mediation of friends but Luss had no such intentions, and projected his measures with a different view; for he privately drew together a body of 300 horse and 500 foot, composed partly of his own clan and their followers, and partly of the Buchanans, his neighbours, and resolved to cut off Macgregor and his party to a man, in case the issue of the conference did not answer his inclination. But matters fell otherwise than he expected; and though Macgregor had previous information of his insidious design, yet, dissembling his resentment, he kept the appointment, and parted good friends in appearance.

«No sooner was he gone, than Luss, thinking to surprise him and his party in full security, and without any dread or apprehension of his treachery, followed with all speed, and came up with him at a place called Glenfroon. Macgregor, upon the alarm, divided his men into two parties, the greatest part whereof he

commanded himself, and the other he committed to the care of his brother John, who, by his orders, led them about another way, and attacked the Colquhouns in flank. Here, it was fought with great bravery on both sides for a considerable time; and, notwithstanding the vast disproportion of numbers, Macgregor, in the end, obtained an absolute victory. So great was the rout, that 200 of the Colquhouns were left dead upon the spot, most of the leading men were killed, and a multitude of prisoners taken. But what seemed most surprising and incredible in this defeat, was, that none of the Macgregors were missing, except John, the laird's brother, and one common fellow, though indeed many of them were wounded." — Professor Ross's *History of the Family of Sutherland*, 1631.

The consequences of the battle of Glen-fruin were very calamitous to the family of Macgregor, who had already been considered as an unruly clan. The widows of the slain Colquhouns, sixty, it is said, in number, appeared in doleful procession before the king at Stirling, each riding upon a white palfrey, and bearing in her hand the bloody shirt of her husband displayed upon a pike. James VI. was so much moved by the complaints of this «choir of mourning dames," that he let loose his ven-

geance against the Macgregors, without either bounds or moderation. The very name of the clan was proscribed, and those by whom it had been borne were given up to sword and fire, and absolutely hunted down by bloodhounds like wild beasts. Argyle and the Campbells, on the one hand, Montrose, with the Grahames and Buchanans, on the other, are said to have been the chief instruments in suppressing this devoted clan. The laird of Macgregor surrendered to the former, on condition, that he would take him out of Scottish ground. But, to use Birrel's expression, he kept «a Highlandman's promise;» and, although he fulfilled his word to the letter, by carrying him as far as Berwick, he afterwards brought him back to Edinburgh, where he was executed with eighteen of his clan. — BIRREL's *Diary*, 2d Oct. 1603. The clan Gregor being thus driven to utter despair, seem to have renounced the laws from the benefit of which they were excluded, and their depredations produced new acts of council, confirming the severity of their proscription, which had only the effect of rendering them still more united and desperate. It is a most extraordinary proof of the ardent and invincible spirit of clanship, that, notwithstanding the repeated proscriptions providently or-

dained by the legislature, «for the *timeous preventing* the disorders and oppression that may fall out by the said name and clan of Macgregors, and their followers," they were, in 1715 and 1745, a potent clan, and continue to subsist as a distinct and numerous race.

Note XIV.

——— *The king's vindictive pride*
Boasts to have tamed the Border side. —
St. XXVIII. p. 62.

In 1529, James V. made a convention at Edinburgh, for the purpose of considering the best mode of quelling the Border robbers, who, during the licence of his minority, and the troubles which followed, had committed many exorbitancies. Accordingly he assembled a flying army of ten thousand men, consisting of his principal nobility and their followers, who were directed to bring their hawks and dogs with them, that the monarch might refresh himself with sport during the intervals of military execution. With this array he swept through Ettrick forest, where he hanged over the gate of his own castle, Piers Cockburn of Henderland, who had prepared, according to tradition, a feast for his reception. He caused

Adam Scott of Tushielaw also to be executed, who was distinguished by the title of King of the Border. But the most noted victim of justice, during that expedition, was John Armstrong of Gilnockie, famous in Scottish song, who, confiding in his own supposed innocence, met the king, with a retinue of thirty-six persons, all of whom were hanged at Carlenrig, near the source of the Teviot. The effect of this severity was such, that, as the vulgar expressed it, «the rush-bush kept the cow,» and «thereafter was great peace and rest a long time, wherethrough the king had great profit; for he had ten thousand sheep going in the Ettricke forest in keeping by Andrew Bell, who made the king as good count of them as they had gone in the bounds of Fife.» — *Pitscottie's History*, p. 153.

Note XV.

What grace for Highland chiefs judge ye,
By fate of Border chivalry. — St. XXVIII. p. 63.

James was, in fact, equally attentive to restrain rapine and feudal oppression in every part of his dominions. «The king past to the Isles, and there held justice courts, and punish-

ed both thief and traitor according to their demerit. And also he caused great men to show their holdings, wherethrough he found many of the said lands in non-entry; the which he confiscate and brought home to his own use, and afterward annexed them to the crown, as ye shall hear. Syne brought many of the great men of the isles captive with him, such as Mudyart, M'Connel, M'Loyd of the Lewes, M'Neil, M'Lane, M'Intosh, John Mudyard, M'Kay, M'Kenzie, with many other that I cannot rehearse at this time. Some of them he put in ward and some in court, and some he took pledges for good rule in time coming. So he brought the isles, both north and south, in good rule and peace; wherefore he had great profit, service, and obedience of people a long time hereafter; and as long as he had the heads of the country in subjection, they lived in great peace and rest, and there was great riches and policy by the king's justice." — *Pitscottie*, p. 152.

Note XVI.

Rest safe till morning — pity 'twere
Such cheek should feel the midnight air. —
St. XXXV. p. 69.

Hardihood was in every respect so essential

to the character of a Highlander, that the reproach of effiminacy was the most bitter which could be thrown upon him. Yet it was sometimes hazarded on what we might presume to think slight grounds. It is reported of old Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, when upwards of seventy, that he was surprised by night on a hunting or military expedition. He wrapped him in his plaid, and lay contentedly down upon the snow, with which the ground happened to be covered. Among his attendants, who were preparing to take their rest in the same manner, he observed that one of his grandsons, for his better accommodation, had rolled a large snow-ball, and placed it below his head. The wrath of the ancient chief was awakened by a symptom of what he conceived to be degenerate luxury. «Out upon thee,» said he, kicking the frozen bolster from the head which it supported, «art thou so effeminate as to need a pillow?» The officer of engineers, whose curious letters from the Highlands have been more than once quoted, tells a similar story of Macdonald of Keppoch, and subjoins the following remarks:

«This and many other stories are romantick; but there is one thing, that a first thought might seem very romantick, of which I have been credibly assured, that when the Highland-

ers are constrained to lie among the hills, in cold dry windy weather, they sometimes soak the plaid in some river or burn, (*i. e.* brook;) and then, holding up a corner of it a little above their heads, they turn themselves round and round, till they are enveloped by the whole mantle. They then lay themselves down on the heath, upon the leeward side of some hill, where the wet and the warmth of their bodies make a steam, like that of a boiling kettle. The wet, they say, keeps them warm by thickening the stuff, and keeping the wind from penetrating.

«I must confess I should have been apt to question this fact, had I not frequently seen them wet from morning to night; and, even at the beginning of the rain, not so much as stir a few yards to shelter, but continue in it without necessity, till they were, as we say, wet through and through. And that is soon effected by the looseness and spunginess of the plaiding; but the bonnet is frequently taken off, and wrung like a dishclout, and then put on again.

«They have been accustomed from their infancy to be often wet, and to take the water like spaniels, and this is become a second nature, and can scarcely be called a hardship to them, insomuch that I used to say, they seem-

ed to be of the duckkind, and to love water as well. Though I never saw this preparation for sleep in windy weather, yet, setting out early in a morning from one of the huts, I have seen the marks of their lodging, where the ground has been free from rime or snow, which remained all round the spot where they had laid."—*Letters from Scotland*, Lond. 1754. 8vo. II. p. 108.

Note XVII.

—— *His henchman came.* — St. XXXV. p. 70.

«This officer is a sort of secretary, and is to be ready, upon all occasions, to venture his life in defence of his master; and at drinking-bouts he stands behind his seat, at his haunch, from whence his title is derived, and watches the conversation, to see if any one offends his patron.

«An English officer being in company with a certain chieftain, and several other Highland gentlemen, near Killichumen, had an argument with the *great man*; and both being well warmed with usky, at last the dispute grew very hot.

«A youth who was hanchman, not understanding one word of English, imagined his

chief was insulted, and thereupon drew his pistol from his side, and snapped it at the officer's head; but the pistol missed fire, otherwise it is more than probable he might have suffered death from the hand of that little vermin.

„But it is very disagreeable to an Englishman over a bottle, with the Highlanders, to see every one of them have his gilly, that is, his servant, standing behind him all the while, let what will be the subject of conversation." — *Letters from Scotland*, II. 159.

NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

Note I.

And while the Fiery Cross glanced like a meteor round. — St. I. p. 78.

When a chieftain designed to summon his clan, upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the *Fiery Cross*, also *Crean Tarigh*, or the *Cross of Shame*, because disobedience to what the symbol implied, inferred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward, with equal dispatch, to the next village; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the

district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbours, if the danger was common to them. At sight of the Fiery Cross, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair, in his best arms and accoutrements, to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burnt marks upon this warlike signal. During the civil war of 1745-6, the Fiery Cross often made its circuit; and upon one occasion it passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours. The late Alexander Stewart, Esq of Invernahyle, described to me his having sent round the Fiery Cross through the district of Appine, during the same commotion. The coast was threatened by a descent from two English frigates, and the flower of the young men were with the army of Prince Charles Edward, then in England: yet the summons was so effectual, that even old age and childhood obeyed it; and a force was collected in a few hours, so numerous and so enthusiastic, that all attempt at the intended diversion upon the country of the absent warriors, was in prudence abandoned, as desperate.

This practice, like some others, is common to the Highlanders with the ancient Scandinavians, as will appear by the following extract from Olaus Magnus:

«When the enemy is upon the sea-coast, or within the limits of northern kingdomes, then presently, by the command of the provincial governours, with the counsel and consent of the old soldiers, who are notably skilled in such like business, a staff of three hands length, in the common sight of them all, is carried, by the speedy running of some active young man, unto that village or city, with this command, — that on the 3. 4. or 8. day. one, two, or three, or else every man in particular, from 15 years old, shall come with his arms, and expences for ten or twenty days, upon pain that his or their houses shall be burnt, (which is intimated by the burning of the staff,) or else the master to be hanged, (which is signified by the cord tied to it,) to appear speedily on such a bank, or field; or valley, to hear the cause he is called, and to receive orders from the said provincial governours what he shall do. Wherefore that messenger, swifter than any post or waggon, having done his commission, comes slowly back again, bringing a token with him that he hath done all legally; and every moment one or another runs to every

village, and tells those places what they must do." . . . . . «The messengers, therefore, of the footmen, that are to give warning to the people to meet for the battail, run fierlely and swiftly; for no snow, nor rain, nor heat can stop them, nor night hold them; but they will soon run the race they undertake. The first messenger tells it to the next village, and that to the next; and so the hubbub runs all over till they all know it in that stift or territory, where, when, and wherefore they must meet.» — Olaus Magnus' *History of the Goths*, englished by J. S. Lond. 1658. book. iv. chap. 3, 4.

Note II.

That Monk of savage form and face. — St. IV. p, 78.

The state of religion in the middle ages afforded considerable facilities for those whose mode of live excluded them from regular worship, to secure, nevertheless, the ghostly assistance of confessors, perfectly willing to adapt the nature of their doctrine to the necessities and peculiar circumstances of their flock. Robin Hood, it is well known, had his celebrated domestic chaplain Friar Tuck. And that same curtail friar was probably matched in

manners and appearance by the ghostly fathers of the Tynedale robbers, who are thus described in an excommunication fulminated against their patrons by Richard Fox, Bishop of Durham, tempore Henrici VIII. „We have further understood, that there are many chaplains in the said territories of Tynedale and Redesdale, who are public and open maintainers of concubinage, irregular, suspended, excommunicated, and interdicted persons, and withal so utterly ignorant of letters, that it has been found by those who objected this to them, that there were some who, having celebrated mass for ten years, were still unable to read the sacramental service. We have also understood there are persons among them who, although not ordained, do take upon them the offices of priesthood; and, in contempt of God, celebrate the divine and sacred rites, and administer the sacraments, not only in sacred and dedicated places, but in those which are prophane and interdicted, and most wretchedly ruinous; they themselves being attired in ragged, torn, and most filthy vestments, altogether unfit to be used in divine or even in temporal offices. The which said chaplains do administer sacraments and sacramental rites to the aforesaid manifest and infamous thieves, robbers, depredators, receivers of stolen goods, and plunderers, and

that without restitution, or intention to restore, as evinced by the fact; and do also openly admit them to the rites of ecclesiastical sepulchre, without exacting security for restitution, although they are prohibited from doing so by the sacred canons as well as by the institutes of the saints and fathers. All which infers the heavy peril of their own souls, and is a pernicious example to the other believers in Christ, as well as no slight, but an aggravated injury to the numbers despoiled and plundered of their goods, gear, herds, and chattels." *

To this lively and picturesque description of the confessors and churchmen of predatory tribes, there may be added some curious particulars respecting the priests attached to the several septs of native Irish, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. These friars had indeed to plead, that the incursions, which they not only pardoned, but even encouraged, were made upon those hostile to them, as well in religion as from national antipathy. But by protestant writers they are uniformly alledged to be the

* The Monition against the Robbers of Tynedale and Redesdale, with which I was favoured by my friend Mr Surtees, of Mainsforth, may be found in the original Latin, in the Appendix to the Introduction to the Border Minstrelsy, No. VII. fourth edition.

chief instruments of Irish insurrection, the very wellspring of all rebellion towards the English government. Lithgow, the Scottish traveller, declares the Irish wood-kerne, or predatory tribes, to be but the hounds of their hunting priests, who directed their incursions by their pleasure, partly for sustenance, partly to gratify animosity, partly to foment general division, and always for the better security and easier domination of the friars.* Derrick, the liveliness and minuteness of whose descriptions may frequently apologize for his doggrel verses, after describing an Irish feast, and the encouragement given, by the songs of the bards, to its termination in an incursion upon the parts of the country more immediately under the dominion of the English, records the no less powerful arguments used by the friar to excite their animosity:

And more t' augment the flame,
and rancour of their harte,
The friar, of his counsells vile,
to rebelles doth imparte,
Affirming that it is
an almose deede to God,

* Lithgow's Travels, first edit. p. 31.

To make the English subjects taste
the Irish rebells rodde.
To spoile, to kill, to burne,
this friar's counsell is;
And for the doing of the same,
he warrantes heavenlie blisse.
He tells a holie tale;
the white he tournes to blacke;
And throngh the pardons in his male,
he workes a knavishe knacke.

The wreckful invasion of a part of the English pale is then described with some spirit; the burning of houses, driving off cattle, and all pertaining to such predatory inroads, is illustrated by a rude cut. The defeat of the Irish, by a party of English soldiers from the next garrison, is then commemorated, and in like manner adorned with an engraving, in which the friar is exhibited mourning over the slain chieftain; or, as the rubric expresses it,

The friar then, that treacherous knave, with
ough ough-hone lament,
To see his cousin Devillis-son to have so foul
event

The matter is handled at great length in the text, of which the following verses are more than sufficient sample: —

The frier seying this,
  lamentes that lucklesse parte,
And curseth to the pitte of hell
  the death man's sturdie harte:
Yet for to quight them with
  the frier taketh paine,
For all the synnes that ere he did
  remission to obtaine.
And therefore serves his booke,
  the candell and the bell;
But thinke you that suche apishe toies
  bring damned souls from hell?
It 'longs not to my parte
  infernal things to knowe;
But I beleve till later daie,
  thei rise not from belowe.
Yet hope that friers give
  to this rebellious rout,
If that their soules should chaunce in hell,
  to bringe them quickly out,
Doeth make them lead suche lives,
  as neither God nor man,
Without revenge for their desartes,
  permitte to suffer can.
Thus friers are the cause,
  the fountain and the spring,
Of hurleburls in this lande,
  of eche unhappie thing.

Thei cause him to rebell
against their soveraigne queene;
And through rebellion often tymes,
their lives doe vanishe clene.
So as by friers meanes,
in whom all follie swimme,
The Irishe karne doe often lose
the life, with hedde and limme. *

As the Irish tribes, and those of the Scottish Highlands, are much more intimately allied, by language, manners, dress, and customs, than the antiquaries of either country have been willing to admit, I flatter myself I have here produced a strong warrant for the character sketched in the text. The following picture, though of a different kind, serves to etablish the existence of ascetic religionists, to a comparatively late period, in the Highlands and Western Isles. There is a great deal of simplicity in the description, for which, as for much similar information, I am obliged to Dr John Martin, who visited the Hebrides at the

* This curious Picture of Ireland was inserted by the author in the republication of Somers' Tracts, vol. I., in which the plates have been also inserted, from the only impressions known to exist, belonging to the copy in the Advocates' Library. See Somers' Tracts, vol. I. p. 591, 594.

suggestion of Sir Robert Sibbald, a Scottish antiquary of eminence, and early in the eighteenth century published a description of them, which procured him admission into the Royal Society. He died in London about 1719. His work is a strange mixture of learning, observation, and gross credulity.

"I remember," says this author, "I have seen an old laycapuchin here, (in the island of Benbecula,) called in their language *Brahirbocht*, that is, *Poor Brother*; which is literally true; for he answers this character, having nothing but what is given him: he holds himself fully satisfied with food and rayment, and lives in as great simplicity as any of his order; his diet is very mean, and he drinks only fair water: his habit is no less mortifying than that of his brethren alsewhere; he wears a short coat, which comes no farther than his middle, with narrow sleeves like a waistcoat: he wears a plad above it, girt about the middle, which reaches to his knee: the plad is fastened on his breast with a wooden pin, his neck bare, and his feet often so too: he wears a hat for ornament, and the string about it is a bit of a fisher's line, made of horse-hair. This plad he wears instead of a gown worn by those of his order in other countries. I told him he wanted the flaxen girdle that men of his order usu-

ally wear: he answered me, that he wore a leather one, which was the same thing. Upon the matter if he is spoke to when at meat, he answers again: which is contrary to the custom of his order. This poor man frequently diverts himself with angling of trouts; he lies upon straw, and has no bell (as others have) to call him to his devotion, but only his conscience, as he told me." — MARTIN's *Description of the Western Islands*, p. 82.

Note III.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told. — St. V. p. 79.

The legend which follows is not of the author's invention. It is possible he may differ from modern critics, in supposing that the records of human superstition, if peculiar to, and characteristic of, the country in which the scene is laid, are a legitimate subject of poetry. He gives, however, a ready assent to the narrower proposition, which condemns all attempts of an irregular and disordered fancy to excite terror, by accumulating a train of fantastic and incoherent horrors, whether borrowed from all countries, and patched upon a narrative belong-

ing to one which knew them not, or derived from the author's own imagination.

In the present case, therefore, I appeal to the record which I have transcribed, with the variation of a very few words, from the geographical collections made by the laird of Macfarlane. I know not whether it be necessary to remark, that the miscellaneous concurse of youths and maidens on the night, and on the spot where the miracle is said to have taken place; might, in an incredulous age, have somewhat diminished the wonder which accompanied the conception of Gilli-Doir-Magrevollich.

«There is bot two myles from Inverloghie, the church of Kilmalee, in Loghyeld. In ancient tymes there was ane church builded upon ane hill, which was above this church, which doeth now stand in this toune; and ancient men doeth say, that there was a battell foughten on ane litle hill not the tenth part of a myle from this church, be certaine men which they did not know what they were. And long tyme thereafter, certaine herds of that toune, and of the next toune, called Unnatt, both wenches and youthes, did on a tyme conveen with others on that hill; and the day being somewhat cold, did gather the bones of the dead men that were slayne long tyme before in that place, and did make a fire to warm them. At last they did

all remove from the fire, except one maid or wench, which was verie cold, and she did remaine there for a space. She being quyetlie her alone, without anie other companie, took up her cloaths above her knees, or thereby, to warm her; a wind did come and caste the ashes upon her, and she was conceived of ane manchild. Severall tymes thereafter she was verie sick, and at last she was knowne to be with chyld. And then her parents did ask at her the matter heiroff, which the wench could not weel answer which way to satisfie them. At last she resolved them with ane answer. As fortune fell upon her concerning this marvellous miracle, the chyld being borne, his name was called *Gili-doir Maghrevollich*, that is to say, the *Black Child, Son to the Bones.* So called, his grandfather sent him to shooll, and so he was a good schollar, and godlie. He did build this church which doeth now stand in Lochyeld called Kilmalie." — MACFARLANE, *ut supra*, II. 188.

Note IV.

Yet ne'er again to braid her hair,
The virgin snood did Alice wear. — St. V.
p. 80.

The *snood*, or ribband, with which a Scottish

lass braided her hair, had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the *curch*, *toy*, or coif, when she passed, by marriage, into the matron state. But if the damsel was so unfortunate as to lose pretensions to the name of maiden, without gaining a right to that of matron, she was neither permitted to use the snood, nor advanced to the graver dignity of the church. In old Scottish songs there occur many sly allusions to such misfortune, as in the old words to the popular tune of «Ower the muir amang the heather:"

Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost her silken snood,
That gard her greet till she was wearie.

Note V.

The desert gave him vision wild,
Such as might suit the spectre's child. —
St. VII. p. 81.

In adopting the legend concerning the birth of the Founder of the Church of Kilmallie, the author has endeavoured to trace the effects which such a belief was likely to produce, in

a barbarous age, on the person to whom it related. It seems likely that he must have become a fanatic or an impostor, or that mixture of both which forms a more frequent character than either of them, as existing separately. In truth, mad persons are frequently more anxious to impress upon others a faith in their visions, than they are themselves confirmed in their reality: as, on the other hand, it is difficult for the most cool-headed impostor long to personate an enthusiast, without in some degree believing what he is so eager to have believed. It was a natural attribute of such a character as the supposed hermit, that he should credit the numerous superstitions with which the minds of ordinary Highlanders are almost always embued. A few of these are slightly alluded to in this stanza. The River Dæmon, or River-horse, for it is that form which he commonly assumes, is the Kelpy of the lowlands, an evil and malicious spirit, delighting to forebode and to witness calamity. He frequents most Highland lakes and rivers; and one of his most memorable exploits was performed upon the banks of Loch Vennachar, in the very district which forms the scene of our action: it consisted in the destruction of a funeral procession, with all its attendants. The «noontide hag,» called in Gaelic *Glas-lich*, a tall, emaciated, gigantic

female figure, is supposed in particular to haunt the district of Knoidart. A goblin dressed in antique armour, and having one hand covered with blood, called, from that circumstance, *Lham-dearg*, or Red-hand, is a tenant of the forests of Glenmore and Rothemurcus. Other spirits of the desert, all frightful in shape, and malignant in disposition, are believed to frequent different mountains and glens of the Highlands, where any unusual appearance, produced by mist, or the strange lights that are sometimes thrown upon particular objects, never fails to present an apparition to the imagination of the solitary and melancholy mountaineer.

Note VI.

The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream. — St. VII. p. 82.

Most great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a tutelar, or rather a domestic spirit, attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity, and intimated, by its wailings, any approaching disaster. That of Grant of Grant was called *May Moullach*, and appeared in the form of a girl, who had her arm covered with hair. Grant of Rothemurcus had an attendant called *Bodach-an-dun*, or the

Ghost of the Hill: and many other exemples might be mentioned. The Ban-Shie * implies the female Fairy, whose lamentations were often supposed to precede the death of a chieftain of particular families. When she is visible, it is in the form of an old woman, with a blue mantle, and streaming hair. A superstition of the same kind is, I believe, universally received by the inferior ranks of the native Irish.

The death of the head of an Highland family is also sometimes supposed to be announced by a chain of lights of different colours, called *Dr'eug*, or death of the Druid. The direction which it takes marks the place of the funeral.

Note VII.

Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,
Of charging steeds. careering fast
Along Benharrow's shingly side,
Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride.
— St. VII. p. 82.

A presage of the kind alluded to in the text, is still believed to announce death to the an-

* In the first edition this was erroneously explained as equivalent *Ben Schichian*, or the head of the Fairies.

cient highland family of M'Lean of Lochbuy. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard to gallop along a stony bank, and then to ride thrice around the family residence, ringing his fairy bridle, and thus intimating the approaching calamity. How easily the eye as well as the ear may be deceived upon such occasions, is evident from the stories of armies in the air, and other spectral phœnomena with which history abounds. Such an apparition is said to have been witnessed upon the side of Southerfell mountain, between Penrith and Keswick, upon the 23d June, 1744, by two persons, William Lancaster of Blakehilis, and Daniel Stricket his servant, whose attestation to the fact, with a full account of the apparition, dated the 21st July, 1785, is printed in Clarke's Survey of the Lakes. The apparition consisted of several troops of horse moving in regular order, with a steady rapid motion, making a curved sweep around the fell, and seeming to the spectators to disappear over the ridge of the mountain. Many persons witnessed this phœnomenon, and observed the last, or last but one, of the supposed troop, occasionally leave his rank, and pass, at a gallop, to the front, when he resumed the same steady pace. This curious appearance, making the necessary allowance for imagination, may be

perhaps sufficiently accounted for by optical deception. — *Survey of the Lakes*, p. 25.

Supernatural intimations of approaching fate are not, I believe, confined to highland families. Howel mentions having seen at a lapidary's, in 1632, a monumental stone, prepared for four persons of the name of Oxenham, before the death of each of whom, the inscription stated a white bird to have appeared and fluttered around the bed, while the patient was in the last agony. *Familiar Letters*, edit. 1726, 247. Glanville mentions one family, the members of which received this solemn sign by music, the sound of which floated from the family residence, and seemed to die in a neighbouring wood; another, that of Captain Wood of Bampton, to whom the signal was given by knocking. But the most remarkable instance of the kind occurs in the MS. Memoirs of Lady Fanshaw, so exemplary for her conjugal affection. Her husband, Sir Richard, and she, chanced, during their abode in Ireland, to visit a friend, the head of a sept, who resided in his ancient baronial castle, surrounded with a moat. At midnight, she was awakened by a ghastly and supernatural scream, and looking out of bed, beheld, by the moonlight, a female face and part of the form, hovering at the window. The distance from the ground, as well as the cir-

cumstance of the moat, excluded the possibility that what she beheld was of this world. The face was that of a young and rather handsome woman, but pale, and the hair, which was reddish, loose, and dishevelled. The dress, which Lady Fanshaw's terror did not prevent her remarking accurately, was that of the ancient Irish. This apparition continued to exhibit itself for some time, and then vanished with two shrieks similar to that which had first excited Lady Fanshaw's attention. In the morning, with infinite terror, she communicated to her host what she had witnessed, and found him prepared not only to credit but to account for the apparition. «A near relation of my family,» said he, «expired last night in this castle. We disguised our certain expectation of the event from you, lest it should throw a cloud over the cheerful reception which was your due. Now, before such an event happens in this family and castle, the female spectre whom you have seen always is visible. She is believed to be the spirit of a woman of inferior rank, whom one of my ancestors degraded himself by marrying, and whom afterwards, to expiate the dishonour done his family, he caused to be drowned in the castle moat.»

Note VIII.

Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave
Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave. —
St. VIII. p. 83.

Inch-Cailliach, the Isle of Nuns, or of Old Women, is a most beautiful island at the lower extremity of Loch-Lomond. The church belonging to the former nunnery was long used as the place of worship for the parish of Buchanan, but scarce any vestiges of it now remain. The burial ground continues to be used, and contains the family places of sepulture of several neighbouring clans. The monuments of the lairds of Macgregor, and of other families, claiming a descent from the old Scottish King Alpine, are most remarkable. The Highlanders are as zealous of their rights of sepulchre, as may be expected from a people whose whole laws and government, if clan-ship can be called so, turned upon the single principle of family descent. «May his ashes be scattered on the water," was one of the deepest and most solemn imprecations which they used against an enemy.

Note IX.

—— *The dun deer's hide*
On fleeter foot was never tied. — St. XIII. p. 87.

The present *brogué* of the Highlanders is made of half-dried leather, with holes to admit and let out the water; for walking the moors dry-shod is a matter altogether out of question. The ancient buskin was still ruder, being made of undressed deer's hide, with the hair outwards, a circumstance which procured the Highlanders the well-known epithet of *Redshanks*. The process is very accurately described by one Elder (himself a Highlander) in the project for a union between England and Scotland, addressed to Henry VIII. «We go a hunting, and after that we have slain red-deer, we flay off the skin by and by, and setting of our bare-foot on the inside thereof, for want of cunning shoe-makers, by your grace's pardon, we play the coblers, compassing and measuring so much thereof as shall reach up to our ancles, pricking the upper part thereof with holes, that the water may repass where it enters, and stretching it up with a strong thong of the same above our said ancles. So, and please your noble grace, we make our shoes. Therefore, we using such manner of shoes, the rough hairy side outwards, in your grace's dominions of England, we be called *Rough-footed Scots*." — PINKERTON's *History*, vol. II. p. 397.

Note X.

The dismal Coronach. — St. XV. p. 90.

The *Coronach* of the Highlanders, like the *Ululatus* of the Romans, and the *Ululoo* of the Irish, was a wild expression of lamentation poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend. When the words of it were articulate, they expressed the praises of the deceast, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death. The following is a lamentation of this kind, litterally translated from the Gaelic, to some of the ideas of which the text stands indebted. The tune is so popular, that it has since become the war-march, or Gathering of the clan.

Coronach on Sir Lauchlan. Chief of Maclean

Which of all the Seanachies
Can trace thy line from the root, up to Paradise,
But Macvuirih, the son of Fergus?
No sooner had thine ancient stately tree
Taken firm root in Albin,
Than one of thy forefathers fell at Harlaw.—
'Twas then we lost a chief of deathless name —

'Tis no base weed — no planted tree,
Nor a seedling of last autumn;
Nor a sapling planted at Beltain; *
Wide, wide around were spread its lofty branches —
But the topmast bough is lowly laid!
Thou hast forsaken us before Sawaine. **

Thy dwelling is the winter house; —
Loud, sad, and mighty is thy death song!
Oh! courteous champion of Montrose!
Oh! stately warrior of the Celtic Isles!
Thou shalt buckle thy harness on no more!

The coronach has for some years past been superseded at funerals by the use of the bag-pipe, and that also is, like many other Highland peculiarities, falling into disuse, unless in remote districts.

Note XI.

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire. —
St. XIX. p. 93.

A glance at the provincial map of Perth-

* Bel's fire, or Whitsunday, ** Halloween.

shire, or at any large map of Scotland, will trace the progress of the signal through the small district of lakes and mountains, which, in exercise of my poetical privilege, I have subjected to the authority of my imaginary chieftain; and which, at the period of my romance, was really occupied by a clan who claimed a descent from Alpine, a clan the most unfortunate, and most persecuted, but neither the least distinguished, least powerful, or least brave, of the tribes of the Gael.

Slioch non rioghridh duchaisach
Bha-shios an Dun-Staiobhinish
Aig an roubh crun na Halba othus
'Stag a cheil duchas fast ris.

The first stage of the Fiery Cross is to Duncraggan, a place near the Brigg of Turk, where a short stream divides Loch-Achray from Loch-Tennachar. From thence, it passes towards Callender, and then, turning to the left up the pass of Lennie, is consigned to Norman at the chapel of Saint Bride, which stood on a small and romantic knoll in the middle of the valley, called Strath-Ire. Tombea and Arnandave, or Ardmandave, are names of places in the vicinity. The alarm is then supposed to pass along the lake of Lubnaig, and through the

various glens in the district of Balquidder, including the neighbouring tracts of Glenfinlas and Strathgartney.

Note XII.

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze. —
St. XXIV. p. 98.

It may be necessary to inform the southern reader, that the heath on the Scottish moorlands is often set fire to, that the sheep may have the advantage of the young herbage produced in room of the tough old heather plants. This custom (execrated by sportsmen) produces occasionally the most beautiful nocturnal appearances, similar almost to the discharge of a volcano. The simile is not new to poetry. The charge of a warrior, in the fine ballad of Hardyknute, is said to be «like a fire to heather set.»

Note XIII.

—— *By his Chieftain's hand.* — St. XXIV. p. 99.

The deep and implicit respect paid by the

highland clansmen to their chief, rendered this both a common and a solemn oath. In other respects, they were like most savage nations, capricious in their ideas concerning the obligatory power of oaths. One solemn mode of swearing was by kissing the *dirk*, imprecating upon themselves death by that, or a similar weapon, if they broke their vow. But for oaths in the usual form, they are said to have had little respect. As for the reverence due to the chief, it may be guessed from the following odd example of a highland point of honour:

«The clan whereto the abovementioned tribe belongs, is the only one I have heard of, which is without a chief: that is, being divided into families, under several chieftains, without any particular patriarch of the whole name. And this is a great reproach, as may appear from an affair that fell out at my table, in the highlands, between one of that name and a Cameron. The provocation given by the latter, was — Name your chief. — The return of it, at once, was — You are a fool. They went out next morning, but having early notice of it, I sent a small party of soldiers after them, which, in all probability, prevented some barbarous mischief that might have ensued; for the chiefless Highlander, who is himself a petty chieftain, was going to the place appointed

with a small sword and pistol, whereas the Cameron (an old man) took with him only his broad-sword, according to agreement.

«When all was over, and I had, at least seemingly, reconciled them, I was told the words, of which I seemed to think but slightly, were, to one of the clan, the greatest of all provocations.» — *Letters from the North of Scotland*, vol. II. p. 221.

Note XIV.

—— *Coir-nan-Uriskin.* — St. XXV. p. 100.

This is a very steep and most romantic hollow in the mountain of Benvenue, overhanging the south-eastern extremity of Loch-Katrine. It is surrounded with stupendous rocks, and overshadowed with birch-trees, mingled with oaks, the spontaneous production of the mountain, even where its cliffs appear denuded of soil. A dale in so wild a situation, and amid a people whose genius bordered on the romantic, did not remain without appropriate deities. The name literally implies the Corri, or Den, of the Wild or Shaggy Men. Perhaps this, as conjectured by Mr Alexander Campbell,* may

* Journey from Edinburgh, 1802, p. 109.

have originally only implied its being the haunt of a ferocious banditti. But tradition has ascribed to the *Urisk*, who gives name to the cavern, a figure between a goat and a man; in short, however much the classical reader may be startled, precisely that of the Grecian Satyr. The *Urisk* seems not to have inherited, with the form, the petulance of the sylvan deity of the classics: his occupations, on the contrary, resembled those of Milton's lubbar fiend, or of the Scottish Brownie, though he differed from both in name and appearance. «The *Urisks*,» says Dr. Graham, «were a sort of lubberly supernaturals, who, like the Brownies, could be gained over by kind attention, to perform the drudgery of the farm, and it was believed that many of the families in the Highlands had one of the order attached to it. They were supposed to be dispersed over the Highlands, each in his own wild recess, but the solemn stated meetings of the order were regularly held in this cave of Benvenew. This current superstition, no doubt, alludes to some circumstance in the ancient history of this country.» — *Scenery on the Southern Confines of Perthshire.* 1806. p. 19.

It must be owned that the *Coir*, or den, does not, in its present state, meet our ideas of a subterranean grotto, or cave, being only

a small and narrow cavity, among huge fragments of rocks, rudely piled together. But such a scene is liable to convulsions of nature, which a lowlander cannot estimate, and which may have choaked up what was originally a cavern. At least the name and tradition authorize the author of a fictitious tale, to assert its having been such at the remote period in which his scene is laid.

Note XV.

——— *The wild pass of Beal'-nam-Bo.* — St. XXVII. p. 102.

Bealach-nam-Bo, or the pass of cattle, is a most magnificent glade, overhung with aged birch trees, a little higher up the mountain than the Coir-nan-Uriskin, treated of in the last note. The whole composes the most sublime piece of scenery that imagination can conceive.

Note XVI.

A single page to bear his sword,
Alone attended on his Lord. —St. XXVII. p. 102.

A Highland chief being as absolute in his patriarchal authority as any prince, had a cor-

responding number of officers attached to his person. He had his body-guards, called *Luicht-tach*, picked from his clan for strength, activity, and entire devotion to his person. These, according to their deserts, were sure to share abundantly in the rude profusion of his hospitality. It is recorded, for example, by tradition, that Allan Mac Lean, chief of that clan, happened upon a time to hear one of these favourite retainers observe to his comrade, that their chief grew old — «When do you infer that?» replied the other. «When was it,» rejoined the first, «that a soldier of Allan's was obliged, as I am now, not only to eat the flesh from this bone, but even to tear off the inner skin, or filament?» The hint was quite sufficient, and Mac Lean next morning, to relieve his followers from such dire necessity, undertook an inroad on the mainland, the ravage of which altogether effaced the memory of his former expeditions for the like purpose.

Our officer of Engineers, so often quoted, has given us a distinct list of the domestic officers who, independent of *Luicht tach*, or *gardes de corps*, belonged to the establishment of a Highland Chief. These are, 1. *The Henchman.* See these notes, p. 331. 2. The Bard. See p. 309. 3. *Bladier*, or spokesman. 4. *Gilliemore*, or Sword-bearer, alluded to in the text.

5. *Gillie-casflue*, who carried the chief, if on foot, over the fords. 6. *Gillie-comstraine*, who leads the chiefs horse. 7. *Gillie-Trushanarinsh*, the baggage-man. 8. The piper. 9 The piper's gillie, or attendant, who carries the bagpipe.* Although this appeared, naturally enough, very ridiculous to an English officer who considered the master of such a retinue as no more than an English gentleman of 500l. a year, yet, in the circumstances of the chief, whose strength and importance consisted in the number and attachment of his followers, it was of the last consequence, in point of policy, to have in his gift, subordinate offices, which called immediately round his person those who were most devoted to him, and, being of value in their estimation, were also the means of rewarding them.

* Letters from Scotland, vol. II. p. 158.

NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH.

Note I.

The Taghairm called, by which, afar,
Our sires foresaw the events of war. —
St. IV. p. 112.

The Highlanders, like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of enquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the *Taghairm*, mentioned in the text. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly-slain bullock, and deposited beside a water-fall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation he revolved in his mind the question proposed, and whatever was impressed upon him by his exalted imagination, passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits, who haunt these desolate recesses. In some of the Hebrides, they at-

tributed the same oracular power to a large black stone by the sea-shore, which they approached with certain solemnities; and considered the first fancy which came into their own minds, after they did so, to be the undoubted dictate of the tutelar deity of the stone, and as such, to be, if possible, punctually complied with. Martin has recorded the following curious modes of Highland augury, in which the Taghairm, and its effects upon the person who was subjected to it, may serve to illustrate the text.

«It was an ordinary thing among the over-curious to consult an invisible oracle, concerning the fate of families and battles, etc. This was performed three different ways: the first was by a company of men, one of whom being detached by lot, was afterwards carried to a river, which was the boundary between two villages; four of the company laid hold on him, and, having shut his eyes, they took him by the legs and arms, and then, tossing him to and again, struck his hips with force against the bank. One of them cried out, What is it you have got here? another answers, A log of birch-wood. The other cries again, Let his invisible friends appear from all quarters, and let them relieve him by giving an answer to our present demands; and in a few minutes

after, a number of little creatures came from the sea, who answered the question, and disappeared suddenly. The man was then set at liberty, and they all returned home, to take their measures according to the prediction of their false prophets; but the poor deluded fools were abused, for the answer was still ambiguous. This was always practised in the night, and may literally be called the works of darkness.

«I had an account from the most intelligent and judicious men in the isle of Skie, that about sixty-two years ago, the oracle was thus consulted only once, and that was in the parish of Kilmartin, on the east side, by a wicked and mischievous race of people, who are now extinguished, both root and branch.

«The second way of consulting the oracle was by a party of men, who first, retired to solitary places, remote from any house, and there they singled out one of their number, and wrapt him in a big cow's hide, which they folded about him: his whole body was covered with it, except his head, and so left in this posture all night, until his invisible friends relieved him, by giving a proper answer to the question in hand; which he received, as he fancied, from several persons that he found about him all that time. His consorts returned to him at the break of day, and then becom

municated his news to them; which often proved fatal to those concerned in such unwarrantable inquiries.

«There was a third way of consulting, which was a confirmation of the second above-mentioned. The same company who put the man into the hide, took a live cat, and put him on a spit: one of the number was employed to turn the spit, and one of his consorts inquired of him. What are you doing? he answered, I roast this cat, until his friends answer the question; which must be the same that was proposed by the man shut up in the hide. And afterwards, a very big cat * comes attended by a number of lesser cats, desiring to relieve the cat turned upon the spit, and then answers the question. If this answer proved the same that was given to the man in the hide, then it was taken as a confirmation of the other, which, in this case, was believed infallible.

«Mr Alexander Cooper, present minister of North-Vist, told me that one John Erach, in the Isle of Lewis, assured him, it was his fate to have been led by his curiosity with some who consulted this oracle, and that he was a

* The reader may have met with the story of the „King of the Cats," in Lord Littleton's Letters. It is well known in the Highlands as a nursery tale.

night within the hide, as above-mentioned; during which time he felt and heard such terrible things, that he could not express them; the impression it made on him was such as could never go off, and he said for a thousand worlds he would never again be concerned in the like performance, for this had disordered him to a high degree. He confessed it ingenuously, and with an air of great remorse, and seemed to be very penitent under a just sense of so great a crime; he declared this about five years since, and is still living in the Lewis, for any thing I know." — *Description of the Western Isles*, p. 110. See also PENNANT'S *Scottish Tour*, vol. ii. p. 361.

Note II.

The choicest of the prey we had,
When swept our merry-men Gallan-gad. —
St. IV. p. 112.

I know not if it be worth observing, that this passage is taken almost literally from the mouth of an old Highland Kern, or Ketteran, as they were called. He used to narrate the merry doings of the good old time when he was follower of Rob Roy Macgregor. This leader, on one occasion, thought proper to make

a descent upon the lower part of Loch-Lomond district, and summoned all the heritors and farmers to meet at the Kirk of Drymen, to pay him black-mail, *i. e.* tribute for forbearance and protection. As this invitation was supported by a band of thirty or forty stout fellows, only one gentleman, an ancestor, if I mistake not, of the present Mr Grahame of Gartmore, ventured to decline compliance. Rob Roy instantly swept his land of all he could drive away, and among the spoil was a bull of the old Scottish wild breed, whose ferocity occasioned great plague to the Ketterans. «But ere we had reached the Row of Dennan," said the old man, «a child might have scratched his ears." * The circumstance is a minute one, but it paints the times when the poor beeve was compelled

> To hoof it o'er as many weary miles,
> With goading pikemen hollowing at his heels,
> As e'er the bravest antler of the woods.
>
> *Ethwald.*

* This anecdote was, in former editions, inaccurately ascribed to Gregor Macgregor of Glengyle, called *Ghlune Dhu*, or Blackknee, a relation of Rob Roy, but, as I have been assured, not addicted to his predatory excesses.

Note III.

——— *that huge cliff, whose ample verge*
Tradition calls the Hero's Targe. — St. V. p. 113.

There is a rock so named in the forest of Glenfinlas, by which a tumultuary cataract takes its course. This wild place is said in former times to have afforded refuge to an outlaw, who was supplied with provisions by a woman, who lowered them down from the brink of the precipice above. His water he procured for himself, by letting down a flaggon tied to a string, into the black pool beneath the fall.

Note IV.

Or raven on the blasted oak,
That, watching while the deer is broke,
His morsel claims with sullen croak. —
St. V. p. 113.

Every thing belonging to the chase was matter of solemnity among our ancestors, but nothing was more so than the mode of cutting up, or, as it was technically called, *breaking* the slaughtered stag. The forester had his allotted portion; the hounds had a certain allowance; and,

to make the division as general as possible, the very birds had their share also. «There is a little gristle,» says Turberville, «which is upon the spoone of the brisket, which we call the raven's bone; and I have seen in some places a raven so wont and accustomed to it, that she would never fail to croak and cry for it all the time you were in breaking up of the deer, and would not depart till she had it.» In the very ancient metrical romance of Sir Tristrem, that peerless Knight, who is said to have been the very deviser of all rules of chase, did not omit this ceremony:

«The raven he yaf his yiftes
Sat on the fourched tree.»

SIR TRISTREM, 2d *edition*, p. 34.

The raven might also challenge his rights by the Book of St. Albans; for thus says Dame Juliana Berners: —

——— Slitteth anon
The bely to the side from the corbyn bone;
That is corbins fee, at the death he will be.

Jonson, in «The Sad Shepherd,» gives a more poetical account of the same ceremony.

Marian. —— He that undoes him,
Doth cleave the brisket bone upon the spoon,
Of which a little gristle grows — you call it —
Robin Hood. The raven's bone.
Marian. ——— Now o'er head sat a raven
On a sere bough, a grown, great bird and hoarse,
Who, all the time the deer was breaking up.
So croaked and cried for it, as all the huntsmen,
Especially old Scathlocke, thought it ominous."

Note V.

Which spills the foremost foeman's life,
That party conquers in the strife. — St. VI. p. 114.

Though this be in the text described as a response of the Taghairm, or Oracle of the Hide, it was of itself an augury frequently attended to. The fate of the battle was often anticipated in the imagination of the combatants, by observing which party first shed blood. It is said that the Highlanders under Montrose were so deeplyembued with this notion, that, on the morning of the battle of Tippermoor, they murdered a defenceless herdsman, whom

they found in the fields, merely to secure an advantage of so much consequence to their party.

Note VI.

Alice Brand. — St. XII. p. 121.

This little fairy tale is founded upon a very curious Danish ballad, which occurs in the KIEMPE VISER, a collection of heroic songs, first published in 1591, and re-printed in 1695, inscribed by Anders Sofrensen, the collector and editor, to Sophia Queen of Denmark. I have been favoured with a literal translation of the original, by my learned friend Mr Robert Jamieson, whose deep knowledge of Scandinavian antiquities will, I hope, one day be displayed in illustration of the history of Scottish Ballad and Song, for which no man possesses more ample materials. The story will remind the readers of the Border Minstrelsy of the tale of the Young Tamlane. But this is only a solitary and not very marked instance of coincidence, whereas several of the other ballads in the same collection find exact counterparts in the KIEMPE VISER. Which may have been the originals will be a question for future antiquarians. Mr Jamieson, to secure the power of literal trans-

lation, has adopted the old Scottish idiom, which approaches so near to that of the Danish, as almost to give word for word, as well as line for line, and indeed in many verses the orthography alone is altered. As *Wester Haf*, mentioned in the first stanza of the ballad, means the *West Sea*, in opposition to the Baltic, or *East Sea*, Mr Jamieson inclines to be of opinion, that the scene of the dis-enchantment is laid in one of the Orkney or Hebride Islands. To each verse in the original is added a burden, having a kind of meaning of its own, but not applicable, at least not uniformly applicable, to the sense of the stanza to which it is subjoined: this is very common both in Danish and Scottish song.

THE ELFIN GRAY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISER, p. 143, AND FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1591.

Der ligger an vold i Vester Haf,
Der agter en bondè at biggè:
Handförer did baadè hög og hund,
Og agter dar om vinteren at liggè.
(DE VILDE DIUR OG DIURENE UDI SKOFVEN.)

1.

There liggs a wold in Wester Haf,
  There a husbande means to bigg,
And thither he carries baith hawk and hound,
  There meaning the winter to ligg.
  (*Thee wild deer and daes i' the shaw out.*)

2.

He taks wi' him baith hound and cock,
  The langer he means to stay,
The wild deer in the shaws that are
  May sairly rue the day.
  (*The wild deer, etc.*)

3.

He's hewed the beech, and he's fell'd the aik,
  Sae has he the poplar gray:
And grim in mood was the growsome elf,
  That be sae bald he may.

4.

He hewed him kipples, he hewed him bawks,
  Wi' mickle moil and haste;
Syne speer'd the elf in the knock that bade,
  «Wha's hacking here sae fast?»

5.

Syne up and spak the weiest elf,
Crean'd as an immert sma:
«It's here is come a christian man; —
I'll fley him or he ga.»

6.

It's up syne started the firsten elf,
And glowr'd about sae grim:
«It's we'll awa' to the husbande's house,
And hald a court on him.

7.

«Here hews he down baith skugg and shaw,
And wirks us skaith and scorn:
His huswife he shall gie to me;
They's rue the day they were born!»

8.

The elfen a' i' the knock that were
Gaed dancing in a string;
They nighed near the husband's house;
Sae lang their tails did hing.

9.

The hound he yowls i' the yard;
The herd toots in his horn;
The earn scraichs, and the cock craws,
As the husbande had gi'en him his corn. *

10.

The Elfen were five score and seven,
Sae laidly and sae grim;
And they the husbande's guests maun be,
To eat and drink wi' him.

11.

The husbande out o' Vilsenshaw
At his winnock the Elves can see:
«Help me, now, Jesu, Mary's son;
Thir Elves they mint at me!»

* *This singular quatrain stands thus in the original:*

„Hunden hand giör i gaarden;
Hiorden tudè i sit horn:
Oernen skriger, og hanen galer,
Som bonden haſdè gifvet sit korn."

12.

In every nook a cross he coost,
In his chalmer maist ava;
The Elfen a' were fley'd thereat,
And flew to the wild-wood shaw,

13.

And some flew east, and some flew west,
And some to the norwast flew;
And some they flew to the deep dale down,
There still they are, I trow. *

14.

It was then the weiest Elf,
In at the door braids he;
Agast was the husbande, for that Elf
For cross nor sign wad flee.

* *In the Danish:*

„Sommè flöyè oster, og sommè flöyè vester,
Noglè flöyè nór paa;
Noglè flöyè ned i dybenè dalè,
Jeg troer de erè der endnu."

15.

The huswife she was a canny wife,
She set the Elf at the board;
She set before him baith ale and meat,
Wi' mony a well-waled word.

16.

«Hear thou, Gudeman o' Villenshaw,
What now I say to thee;
Wha bade thee bigg within our bounds,
Without the leave o' me?

17.

«But, an thou in our bounds will bigg,
And bide, as well as may be,
Then thou thy dearest huswife maun
To me for a lemman gie.»

18.

Up spak the luckless husbande then,
As God the grace him gae:
«Eline she is to me sae dear,
Her thou may na-gate hae.»

19.

Till the Elf he answered as he couth:
«Lat but my huswife be,
And tak whate'er o' gude or gear
Is mine, awa wi' thee.»

20.

«Then I'll thy Eline tak and thee
Aneath my feet to tread;
And hide thy goud and white monie
Aneath my dwalling stead.»

21.

The husbande and his household
In sary rede they join:
«Far better that she be now forfairn,
Nor that we a' should tyne.»

22.

Up, will of rede, the husbande stood
Wi' heart fu' sad and sair;
And he has gieu his huswife Eline
Wi' the young Elfe to fare.

23.

Then blyth grew he, and sprang about;
He took her in his arm:
The rud it left her comely cheek;
Her heart was clemed wi' harm.

24.

A waefu' woman than she was ane,
And the moody tears loot fa':
«God rew on me, unseely wife,
How hard a wierd I fa!

25.

«My fay I plight to the fairest wight
That man on mold mat see;
Maun I now mell wi' a laidly El,
His light lemman to be?»

26.

He minted ance — he minted twice,
Wae waxed her heart that syth:
Syne the laidliest fiend he grew that e'er
To mortal ee did kyth.

27.

When he the thirden time cane mint,
To Mary's son she pray'd,
And the laidly Elf was clean awa,
And a fair knight in his stead.

28.

This fell under a linden green,
That again his shape he found;
O' wae and care was the word nae mair',
A' weres ae glad that stound.

29.

«O dearest Eline, hear thou this,
And thou my wife sal be,
And a' the goud in merry England
Sae freely I'll gie thee!

30.

»Whan I was a little wee bairn,
My mither died me frae;
My stepmither sent me awa frae her;
I turned till an *Elfin Gray*.

31.

«To thy husband I a gift will gie,
Wi' mickle state and gear,
As mends for Eline his huswife; —
Thou's be my heartis dear.»

32.

«Thou nobil knyght, we thank now God
That has freed us frae skaith;
Sae wed thou thee a maiden free,
And joy attend ye baith!

33.

«Syne I to thee na maik can be,
My dochter may be thine;
And thy gude will right to fulfill,
Lat this be our propine.»

34.

«I thank thee, Eline, thou wise woman
My praise thy worth sall hae;
And thy love gin I fail to win,
Thou here at hame sall stay.»

36.

The husbande biggit now on his öe,
And nae ane wrought him wrang;
His dochter wore crown in Engeland,
And happy lived and lang.

Now Eline the Husbande's huswife has
Cour'd a' her grief and harms;
She's mither to a noble queen
That sleeps in a kingis arms.

GLOSSARY.

St. I. *Wold*, a wood; a woody fastness.

Husbande, from the Dan. *hos*, with, and *bonde*, a villain, or bondsman, who was a cultivator of the ground, and could not quit the estate to which he was attached, without the permission of his lord. This is the sense of the word, in the old Scottish records. In the Scottish „Burghe Laws," translated from the *Reg. Majest.* (Auchinleck MS. in the Adv. Lib.) it is used indiscriminately with the Dan. and Swed. *bondè*.

Bigg, build.

Ligg, lie.

Daes, does.

2. *Shaw*, wood.

Sairly, sorely.

3. *Aik*, oak.

Grousome, terrible.

Bald, bold.

Kipples, (couples,) beams joined at the top, for supporting a roof, in building.

Bawks, balks; cross beams.

Moil, laborious industry.
Speer'd, asked.
Knock, hillock.
5. *Weies* smallest.
Crean'd, shrunk, diminished; from the Gaëlic, *crian*, very small.
Immert, emmit; ant.
Christian, used in the Danish ballads, etc. in contradistinction to *demoniac*, as it is in England, in contradistinction to *brute*; in which sense, a person of the lower class, in England, would call a *Jew*, or a *Turk*, a *Christian*.
Fley, frighten.
6. *Glowr'd*, stared.
Hald, hold.
7. *Skugg*, shade.
Skaith, harm.
8. *Nighed*, approached.
9. *Yowls*, howls.
Toots — in the Dan. *tude*, is applied both to the howling of a dog, and the sound of a horn.
Scraichs, screams.
10. *Laidly*, loathly; disgustingly *ugly*.
Grim, fierce.
11. *Winnock*, window
Mint, aim at.
12. *Coost*, cast.

Chalmer, chamber.
Maist, most.
Ava, of all.
13. *Norwart*, northward.
Trow, believe.
14. *Braids*, strides quickly forward.
Wad, would.
15. *Canny*, adroit.
Mony, many.
Well waled, well chosen.
17. *An*, if.
Bide, abide.
Lemman, mistress.
18. *Nagate*, nowise.
19. *Couth*, could, knew how to.
Lat be, let alone.
Gude, goods; property.
20. *Aneath*, beneath.
Dwalling-stead, dwelling-place.
21. *Sary*, sorrowful.
Rede, counsel; consultation.
Forfairn, forlorn; lost; *gone.*
Tyne, (verb neut.) be lost; perish.
22. *Will of rede*, bewildered in thought; in the Danish original „*vildraadige*;" Lat. „inops *consilii*;" Gr. *'απορων*. This expression is left among the *desiderata* in the Glossary to Ritson's Romances, and has never been

explained. It is obsolete in the Danish as well as in English.

Fare, go.

23. *Rud*, red of the cheek.

Clem'd in the Danish, *klemt*; (which, in the north of England, is still in use, as the word *starved* is with us;) brought to a dying state. It is used by our old comedians.

Harm, grief; as in the original, and in the old Teutonic, English, and Scottish poetry.

24. *Waefu*, woeful.

Moody, strongly and wilfully passionate.

Rew, take ruth; pity.

Unseely, unhappy; unblest.

Wierd, fate.

Fa, (Isel. Dan. and Swed.) take: get; acquire; procure; have for my lot. — This Gothic verb answers, in its direct and secondary significations, exactly to the Latin *capio*; and Allan Ramsay was right in his definition of it. It is quite a different word from *fa'*, an abbreviation of *'fall*, or *befall*; and is the principal root in FANGEN, to *fang*, take, or lay hold of.

25. *Fay*, faith.

Mold, mould; earth.

Mat, mote; might.

Maun, must.

Mell, mix.

El, an elf. This term, in the Welch, signifies *what has in itself the power of motion*; *a moving principle*; *an intelligence*; *a spirit*; *an angel*. In the Hebrew, it bears the same import.

26. *Minted*, attempted; meant; shewed a *mind*, or intention to. The original is:

„and *mindte* hende först — og anden gang; —
Hun giordis i hiortet sa vee:
End blef hand den *lediste* diefvel
Mand kunde med oyen see.
Der hand vilde *minde* den tredie gang," etc.

Syth, tide; time.

Kyth, appear.

28. *Stound*, hour; time; moment.

29. *Merry*, (old Teut. *meré*,) famous; renowned: answering, in its etymological meaning, exactly to the Latin *mactus*, Hence *merry-men*, as the address of a chief to his followers; meaning not men of mirth, but of renown. The term is found in its original sense in the Gaël. *marâ*, and the Welsh *mawr*, great; and in the oldest Teut. Romances, *mar*, *mer*, and *mere*, have sometimes the same signification.

31. *Mends*, amends; recompence.

33. *Maik*, match; peer; equal.

Propine, pledge; gift.

35. öe, an island of the *second* magnitude; an island of the *first* magnitude being called a *land*, and one of the *third* magnitude a *holm*.

36. *Cour'd*, recovered.

THE GHAIST'S WARNING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISER, p. 721.

By the permission of Mr Jamieson, this ballad is added from the same curious Collection. It contains some passages of great pathos.

Svend Dyring hand rider sig op under öè,
(Varè jeg selver ung)
Der fæstè hand sig saa ven en möè.
(Mig lyster udi lunden at ridè,) etc.

Child Dyring has ridden him up under öe,
(And O gin I were young!)
There wedded he him sae fair * a may.
I' the greenwood it lists me to ride,)

---

* „Under èe." — The original expression has been preserved here and elsewhere, because not other

Thegither they lived for seven lang year,
(And O, etc.)
And they seven bairns hae gotten in fere.
I' the greenwood, etc.

Sae Death's come there intill that stead,
And that winsome lily flower is dead.

That swain he has him up under öe,
And syne he has married anither may.

He's married a may, and he's fessen her hame;
But she was a grim and a laidly dame.

When into the castell court drave she,
The seven bairns stuid wi' the tear in their ee.

The bairns they stood wi' dule and dout:
* * * * * * *

could be found to supply its place. There is just as much meaning in it in the translation as in the original; but it is a standard Danish ballad phrase, and as such, it is hoped, will be allowed to pass.

* „Fair." — The Dan. and Swed. *ven*, *van*, or *vennè*, and the Gaël. *bân*, in the oblique cases *bhân* (*vân*,) is the origin of the Scottish *bonny*, which has so much puzzled all the etymologists.

Nor ale nor mead to the bairnies she gave,
„But hunger and hate frae me ye's have."

She took frae them the bowster blae,
And said, „Ye sall ligg i' the bare strae!"

She took frae them the groff wax light;
Says, „Now ye sall ligg i' the mirk a' night!"

'Twas long i' the night, and the bairnies grat:
Their mither she under the mools heard that;

That heard the wife under the eard that lay;
„Forsooth maun I to my bairnies gae!"

That wife can stand up at our lord's knee,
And „may I gang and my bairnies see?"

She prigged sae sair, and she prigged sae lang,
That he at the last gae her leave to gang.

„And thou sall come back whan the cock does craw,
For thou nae langer sall bide awa."

Wi' her banes sae stark, a bowt she gae;
She's riven baith wa' and marble gray.*

* The original of this and the following stanza is very fi e.

Whan near to the dwalling she can gang,
The dogs they wow'd till the lift it rang.

Whan she came till the castell yett,
Her eldest dochter stood thereat.

„Why stand ye here, dear dochter mine?
How are sma brithers and sisters thine?"

„For sooth ye're a woman baith fair and fine;
But yeare nae dear mither of mine."

„Och! how should I be fine or fair?
My cheek it is pale, and the ground's my lair."

„My mither was white, wi' lire sae red;
But thou art wan, and liker ane deed."

„Och! how should I be white and red
Sae lang as I've been cauld and dead?"

When she cam till the chalmer in,
Down the bairns' cheeks the tears did rin.

„Hun sköd op sinè modigè been,
Der revenedè muur og graa marmorsteen.'.
„Der hun gik igennem den by
De hundè de tudè saa höjt i sky."

She buskit the tane, and she brush'd it there;
She kem'd and plaited the tither's hair.

The thirden she doodled upon her knee,
And the fourthen * * * * *

She's ta'en the fiften upon her lap,
And sweetly * * * * * *
Till her eldest dochter syne said she,
„Ye bid Child Dyring come here to me.'

Whan he cam till the chalmer in,
Wi' angry mood she said to him;

„I left you routh o' ale and bread;
My bairnies quail for hunger and need.

„I left ahind me braw bowsters blae;
My bairnies are liggin i' the bare strae.

„I left ye sae mony a groff wax light;
My bairnies ligg i' the mark a night.

„Gin aft I come back to visit thee,
Wae, dowy, and weary thy luck shall be."

Up spak little Kirstin in bed that lay:
„To my bairnies I'll do the best I may."

Ay when they heard the dog nirr and bell,
Sae gae they the bairnies bread and ale.

Ay whan the dog did now, in haste
They cross'd and sain'd themsells frae the ghaist.

Ay whan the little dog yowl'd wi' fear,
(*And O gin I were young!*)
They shook at the thought that the dead was near.
(*I' the greenwood it lists me to ride.*)
or,
(*Fair words sae mony a heart they cheer.*)

GLOSSARY.

St. 1. *May*, *Maid.*
Lists, pleases.
2. *Stead*, place.
3. *Bairns*, children.
In fere, together.
Winsome, engaging; giving joy, (old Teut.)
4. *Syne*, then.
5. *Fessen*, fetched; brought.
6. *Drave*, drove.
7. *Dule*, sorrow.
Dout, fear.
9. *Bowster*, bolster; cushion; bed.
Blae, blue.
Strae, straw.
10. *Groff*, great; large in girt.
Mark, mirk; dark.
11. *Lang i' the night*, late.
Grat, wept.
Mools, mould; earth.
12. *Eard*, earth.
Gae, go.
14. *Prigged*, entreated earnestly and perseveringly.
Gang, go.
15. *Craw*, crow.
15. *Banes*, bones.

Stark, strong.
Bowt, bolt; elastic spring; like that of a *bolt* or *arrow* from a bow.
Riven, split asunder.
Wa', wall.
18. *Wow'd*, howled.
Lift, sky firmament; *air*.
18. *Yett*, gate.
19. *Sma*, small.
22. *Lire*, complexion.
23. *Cald*, cold.
24. *Till*, to.
Rin, run.
25. *Buskit*, dressed.
Kem'd, combed.
Tither, the other.
28. *Routh*, plenty.
Quail, are quelled; die.
Need, want.
29. *Ahind*, behind.
Braw, brave; fine.
31. *Dowy*, sorrowful.
33. *Nirr*, snarl.
Bell, bark.

3. *Sained*, blessed; literally, *signed* with the *sign* of the cross. Before the introduction of Christianity, *Runes* were used in *saining*, as a spell against the power of enchantment and evil genii.

Ghaist, ghost.

Note VII.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who won'd within the hill. — St. XIII.
p. 122.

In a long dissertation upon the Fairy superstition, published in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, the most valuable part of which was supplied by my learned and indefatigable friend Dr John Leyden, most of the circumstances are collected which can throw light upon the popular belief which even yet prevails respecting them in Scotland. Dr Grahame, author of an entertaining work upon the Scenery of the Perthshire Highlands, already frequently quoted, has recorded, with great accuracy, the peculiar tenets held by the Highlanders on this topic, in the vicinity of Loch-Katrine. The learned author is inclined to deduce the whole mythology from the Druidical system, — an opinion to which there are many objections.

«The *Daoine Shi*", or Men of Peace of the Highlanders, though not absolutely malevolent, are believed to be a peevish, repining race of beings, who, possessing themselves but a scanty portion of happiness, are supposed envy mankind their more complete and substantial enjoyment. They are supposed to enjoy, in

their subterraneous recesses, a sort of shadowy happiness, — a tinsel grandeur; which, however, they would willingly exchange for the more solid joys of mortality.

«They are believed to inhabit certain round grassy eminences, where they celebrate their nocturnal festivities by the light of the moon. About a mile beyond the source of the Forth, above Lochcon, there is a place called *Coirshi'an*, or the Cove of the Men of Peace, which is still supposed to be a favourite place of their residence. In the neighbourhood, are to be seen many round conical eminences; particularly one, near the head of the lake, by the skirts of which many are still afraid to pass after sunset. It is believed, that if, on Hallow-eve, any person, alone, goes round one of these hills nine times, towards the left hand (*sinistrorsum*,) a door shall open, by which he will be admitted into their subterraneous abodes. Many, it is said, of mortal race have been entertained in their secret recesses. There they have been received into the most splendid apartments, and regaled with the most sumptuous banquets, and delicious wines. Their females surpass the daughters of men in beauty. The *seemingly* happy inhabitants pass their time in festivity, and in dancing to notes of the softest music. But unhappy is the mortal who joins

in their joys, or ventures to partake of their dainties. By this indulgence, he forfeits for ever the society of men, and is bound down irrevocably to the condition of a Shi'ich, or man of peace.

«A woman, as is reported in the Highland tradition, was conveyed, in days of yore, into the secret recesses of the men of peace. There she was recognised by one who had formerly been an ordinary mortal, but who had, by some fatality, become associated with the Shi'ichs. This acquaintance, still retaining some portion of human benevolence, warned her of her danger, and counselled her, as she valued her liberty, to abstain from eating and drinking with them, for a certain space of time. She complied with the counsel of her friend; and when the period assigned was elapsed, she found herself again upon earth, restored to the society of mortals. It is added, that when she examined the viands which had been presented to her, and which had appeared so tempting to the eye, they were found, now that the enchantment was removed, to consist only of the refuse of the earth.» — P. 107 — 111.

Note VIII.

Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chace the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen? — St. XIII.
p. 122.

It has been already observed, that fairies, if not positively malevolent, are capricious, and easily offended, They are, like other proprietors of forests, peculiarly jealous of their rights of *vert* and *venison*, as appears from the cause of offence taken, in the original Danish ballad. This jealousy was also an attribute of the northern *Duergar*, or dwarfs; to many of whose distinction the fairies seem to have succeeded, if, indeed, they are not the same class of beings. In the huge metrical record of German chivalry, entitled the Helden-Buch, Sir Hildebrand, and the other heroes of whom it treats, are engaged in one of their most desperate adventures, from a rash violation of the rose-garden of an Elfin, or Dwarf King.

There are yet traces of a belief in this worst and most malicious order of Fairies among the Border wilds. Dr Leyden has introduced such a dwarf into his ballad entitled the Cout of Keeldar, and has not forgot his characteristic detestation of the chase.

«The third blast that young Keeldar blew,
Still stood the limber fern,
And a wee man, of swarthy hue,
Upstarted by a cairn.

«His russet weeds were brown as heath,
That clothes the upland fell;
And the hair of his head was frizzle red
As the purple heather-bell.

«An urchin, clad in prickles red,
Clung cow'ring to his arm;
The hounds they howl'd, and backward fled,
As struck by fairy charm.

«Why rises high the stag hound's cry,
Where stag-hound ne'er should be?
Why wakes that horn the silent morn,
Without the leave of me?»

«Brown dwarf, that o'er the muirland strays,
Thy name to Keeldar tell!» —
«The Brown Man of the Muirs, who stays
Beneath the heather-bell.

«'Tis sweet beneath the heather-bell
To live in autumn brown;
And sweet to hear the lav'rocks swell,
Far, far from tower and town.

«But woe betide the shrilling horn,
The chase's surly cheer!
And ever that hunter is forlorn,
Whom first at morn I hear."

The poetical picture here given of the Duergar corresponds exactly with the following Northumbrian legend, with which I was lately favoured by my learned and kind friend, Mr Surtees of Mainsforth, who has bestowed indefatigable labour upon the antiquities of the English border counties. The subject is in itself so curious, that the length of the note will, I hope be pardoned.

«I have only one record to offer of the appearance of our Northumbrain Duergar. My narratrix is Elizabeth Cockburn, an old wife of Offerton, in this county, whose credit, in a case of this kind, will not, I hope, be much impeached, when I add, that she is, by her dull neighbours, supposed to be occasionally insane, but, by herself, to be at those times endowed with a faculty of seeing visions, and spectral appearances, which shun the common ken.

«In the year before the great rebellion, two young men from Newcastle were sporting on the high moors above Elsdon, and after pursuing their game several hours, sat down to dine,

in a green glen, near one of the mountain streams. After their repast, the younger lad ran to the brook for water, and after stooping to drink, was surprised, on lifting his head again, by the appearance of a brown dwarf, who stood on a crag covered with brackens, across the burn. This extraordinary personage did not appear to be above half the stature of a common man, but was uncommonly stout and broad built, having the appearance of vast strength. His dress was entirely brown, the colour of the brackens, and his head covered with frizzled red hair. His countenance was expressive of the most savage ferocity, and his eyes glar d like a bull. It seems, he addressed the you g man first, threatening him with his vengeance, for having trespassed on his demesnes, and asking him, if he knew in whose presence he stood? The youth replied, that he now supposed him to be the lord of the moors; that he offended through ignorance; and offered to bring him the game he had killed. The dwarf was a little mollified by this submission, but remarked, that nothing could be more offensive to him than such an offer, as he considered the wild animals as his subjects, and never failed to avenge their destruction. He condescended further to inform him, that he was, like himself, mortal, though of year-

far exceeding the lot of common humanity; and (what I should not have had an idea of) that he hoped for salvation. He never, he added, fed on any thing that had life, but lived, in the summer, on whortleberries, and in winter, on nuts and apples, of which he had great store in the woods. Finally, he invited his new acquaintance to accompany him home, and partake his hospitality; an offer which the youth was on the point of accepting, and was just going to spring across the brook, (which if he had done, says Elizabeth, the dwarf would certainly have torn him in pieces,) when his foot was arrested by the voice of his companion, who thought he had tarried long; and on looking round again, «the wee brown man was fled.» The story adds, that he was imprudent enough to slight the admonition, and to sport over the moors, on his way homewards; but soon after his return, he fell into a lingering disorder, and died within the year.»

Note IX.

Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairy's fatal green. — St. XIII. p. 122.

As the *Daoine Shi'*, or Men of Peace, wore green habits, they were supposed to take offence

when any mortals ventured to assume their favourite colour. Indeed, from some reason, which has been, perhaps, originally a general superstition, *green* is held in Scotland to be unlucky to particular tribes and counties. The Caithness men, who hold this belief, alledge, as a reason, that their bands wore that colour when they were cut off at the battle of Flodden; and for the same reason they avoid crossing the Ord on a Monday, being the day of the week on which their ill-omened array set forth. Green is also disliked by those of the name of Ogilvy; but more especially is it held fatal to the whole clan of Grahame. It is remembered of an aged gentleman of that name, that when his horse fell in a fox-chase, he accounted for it at once, by observing, that the whip-cord attached to his lash was of this unlucky colour.

Note X.

For thou wert christen'd man. — St. XIII. p. 122.

The Elves were supposed greatly to envy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and they gave to those mortals who had fallen into their power, a certain precedence, founded up-

on this advantageous distinction. Tamlane, in the old ballad, describes his own rank in the fairy procession: —

For I ride on a milk-white steed,
And aye nearest the town;
Because I was a christened knight,
They gie me that renown."

I presume, that, in the Danish ballad, the obstinacy of the „Weiest Elf," who would not flee for cross or sign, is to be derived from the circumstance of his having been „christen'd man."

How eager the elves were to obtain for their offspring the prerogatives of Christianity, will be proved by the following story: „In the district called Haga, in Iceland, dwelt a nobleman called Sigward Forster, who had an intrigue with one of the subterranean females. The elf became pregnant, and exacted from her lover a firm promise that he would procure the baptism of the infant. At the appointed time, the mother came to the church-yard, on the wall of which she placed a golden cup, and a stole for the priest, agreeable to the custom of making an offering at baptism. She then stood a little apart. When the priest left the church, he enquired the meaning of what he

saw, and demanded of Sigward, if he avowed himself the father of the child. But Sigward, ashamed of the connection, denied the paternity. He was then interrogated if he desired that the child should be baptized; but this also he answered in the negative, lest, by such request, he should admit himself to be the father. On which the child was left untouched and unbaptized. Whereupon the mother, in extreme wrath, snatched up the infant and the cup, and retired, leaving the priestly cope, of which fragments are still in preservation. But this female denounced and imposed upon Sigward, and his posterity, to the ninth generation, a singular disease, with which many of his descendants are afflicted at this day." Thus wrote Einar Gudmund, pastor of the parish of Garpsdale, in Iceland, a man profoundly versed in learning, from whose manuscript it was extracted by the learned Torfæus. — *Historia Hrolfi Krakii, Hafniæ*, 1715, *prefatio.*

Note XI.

And gaily shines the fairy land;
But all is glistening show. — St- XV. p. 124.

No fact respecting Fairy-land seems to be better ascertained than the fantastic and illusory

nature of their apparent pleasure and splendour. It has been already noticed, in the former quotations from Dr. Grahame's entertaining volume, and may be confirmed by the following Highland tradition. „A woman, whose newborn child had been conveyed by them into their secret abodes, was also carried thither herself, to remain, however, only until she should suckle her infant. She, one day, during this period, observed the Shi'ichs busily employed in mixing various ingredients in a boiling cauldron; and, as soon as the composition was prepared, she remarked that they all carefully anointed their eyes with it, laying the remainder aside for future use. In a moment when they were all absent, she also attempted to anoint her eyes with the precious drug, but had time to apply it to one eye only. when the *Daoine Shi* returned. But with that eye she was henceforth enabled to see every thing as it really passed in their secret abodes: — she saw every object, not as she hitherto had done, in deceptive splendour and elegance, but in its genuine colours and form. The gaudy ornaments oft he apartment were reduced to the walls of a gloomy cavern. Soon after, having discharged her office, she was dismissed to her own home. Still, however, she retained the faculty of seeing, with her medicated eye, every thing

that was done, any where in her presence, by the deceptive art of the order. One day, admidst a throng of people, she chanced to observe the *Shi'ich*, or man of peace, in whose possession she had left her child; though to every other eye invisible. Prompted by maternal affection, she inadvertently accosted him, and began to enquire after the welfare of her child. The man of peace, astonished at being thus recognised by one of mortal race, demanded how she had been enabled to discover him. Awed by the terrible frown of his countenance, she acknowledged what she had done. He spat in her eye, and extinguished it for ever." — GRAHAME's *Sketches*, p. 116—118. It is very remarkable, that this story, translated by Dr Grahame from popular Gaelic tradition, is to be found in the Otia Imperialia of Gervase of Tilbury. A work of great interest might be compiled upon the origin of popular fiction, and the transmission of similar tales from age to age, and from country to country. The mythology of one period would then appear to pass into the romance of the next century, and that into the nursery-tale of the subsequent ages. Such an investigation, while it went greatly to diminish our ideas of the richness of human invention, would also shew, that these fictions, however wild and childish, possess

such charms for the populace, as enable them to penetrate into countries unconnected by manners and language, and having no apparent intercourse, to afford the means of transmission. It would carry me far beyond my bounds, to produce instances of this community of fable, among nations who never borrowed from each other any thing intrinsically worth learning. Indeed the wide diffusion of popular fictions may be compared to the facility with which straws and feathers are dispersed abroad by the wind, while valuable metals cannot he transported without trouble and labour. There lives, I believe, only one gentleman, whose unlimited acquaintance with this subject might enable him to do it justice; I mean my friend Mr Francis Douce, of the British Museum, whose usual kindness will, I hope, pardon my mentioning his name, while on a subject so closely connected with his extensive and curious researches.

Note XII.

—— I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And 'twixt life and death was snatch'd away,
To the joyless Elfin bower. — St. XV. p 124.

The subjects of Fairy Land were recruited from the regions of humanity by a sort of

crimping system, which extended to adults as well as to infants. Many of those who were in this world supposed to have discharged the debt of nature, had only become denizens of the. «Londe of Faery.» In the beautiful fairy Romance of Orfee and Heurodiis (Orpheus and Eurydice) in the Auchinleck MS. is the following striking enumeration of persons thus abstracted from middle earth. Mr Ritson unfortunately published this romance from a copy in which the following, and many other highly poetical passages, do not occur.

«Then he gan biholde aboute al,
And seighe ful liggeand within the wal,
Of folk that wer thidder y-brought,
And thought dede and ne're nought;
Some stode withouten hadde;
And sum none armes nade;
And sum thurch the dobi hadde wounde;
And sum lay wode y-bounde;
And sum armed on hors sete;
And sum astrangled as thai ete;
And sum war in water adreynt;
And sum with fire al for-schreynt;
Wives ther lay on childe bedde;
Sum dede, and sum awedde;
And wonder fele ther lay besides,
Right as thai slepe her undertides;

Eche was thus in this warld y-nome,
With fairi thider y-come."

Note XIII.

Though space and law the stag we lend,

Who ever recked where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapped and slain, —
St. XXX. p. 140.

St John actually used this illustration when engaged in confuting the plea of law proposed for the unfortunate Earl of Strafford: «It was true, we give laws to hares and deer, because they are beasts of chace; but it was never accounted either cruelty or foul play to knock foxes or wolves on the head as they can be found, because they are beasts of prey. In a word, the law and humanity were alike; the one being more fallacious, and the other more barbarous, than in any age had been vented in such an authority." — CLARENDON's *History of the Rebellion.* Oxford, 1702. fol. I. p. 183.

Note XIV.

——————— his Highland cheer,
The harden'd flesh of mountain-deer. —
St. XXXI. p. 141.

The Scottish Highlanders, in former times, had a concise mode of cooking their venison, or rather of dispensing with cooking it, which appears greatly to have surprised the French, whom chance made acquainted with it. The Vidame of Chartres, when a hostage in England, during the reign of Edward VI., was permitted to travel into Scotland, and penetrated as far as to the remote Highlands, (*au fin fond des Sauvages.*) After a great hunting party, at which a most wonderful quantity of game was destroyed, he saw these *Scottish Savages* devour a part of their venison raw, without any further preparation than compressing it between two battons of wood, so as to force out the blood, and render it extremely hard. This they reckoned a great delicacy; and when the Vidame partook of it, his compliance with their taste rendered him extremely popular. This curious trait of manners was communicated by Mons. de Montmorency, a great friend of Vidame, to Brantome, by whom it is recorded in *Vies des Hommes Illustres, Discours,*

LXXXIX. art. 14. The process by which the raw venison was rendered eatable is described very minutely in the romance of Perceforest, where Estonne, a Scottish knight errant, having slain a deer, says to his companion Claudiu: «Sire, or mangerez vous et moy aussi. Voire si nous auions de feu, dit Claudius. Par l'ame de mon pere, dist Estonne, ie vous atourneray et cuiray a la maniere de nostre pays comme pour cheualier errant. Lors tira son espee et sen vint a la branche dung arbre, et y fait vng grant trou, et puis fend al branche bien deux piedz et boute la cuisse du cerf entredeux, et puis prent le licol de son cheval et en lye la branche et destraint si fort que le sang et les humeurs de la chair saillent hors et demeure la chair doulce et seiche. Lors prent la chair et oste ius le cuir et la chaire demeure aussi blanche comme si ce feust dung chappon. Dont dist a Claudius, Sire ie la vous ay cuiste a la guise de mon pays, vous en pouez manger hardyement, car ie mangeray premier. Lors met sa main a sa selle en vng lieu quil y auoit, et tire hors sel et poudre de poiure et gingembre, mesle ensemble, et le iecte dessus, et le frote sus bien fort, puis le couppe a moytie, et en donne a Claudius l'une des pieces, et puis mort en l'autre aussi sauoureusement quil est aduis que il an feist la

pouldre voller. Quant Claudius veit quil le mangeoit de tel goust il en print grant fain et commence a manger tresvoulentiers, et dist a Estonne: Par l'ame de moy ie ne mangeay oncquesmais de chair atournee de telle guise: mais doresenauant ie ne me retourneroye pas hors de mon chemin par auoir la cuite. Sire, dist Estonne, quant ie suis en desers d'Escosse, dont ie suis seigneur, ie cheuaucheray huit iours ou quinze que ie n'entreray en chastel ne en maison, et si ne verray feu ne personne viuant fors que bestes sauuages, et de celles mangeray atournees en ceste maniere, et mieulx me plaira que la viande de l'empereur, Ainsi sen vont mangeant et cheuauchant iusques adonc quilz arriuerent sur une moult belle fontaine qui estoit en vne valee. Quant Estonne la vit il dist a Claudius, allons boire a ceste fontaine. Or beuuons, dist Estonne, du boire que le grant dieu a pourueu a toutes gens, et qui me plaist mieulx que le ceruoises d'Angleterre."— *La Treselegante Hystoire du tresnoble Roy Perceforest.* Paris, 1531, fol. tome I. fol. lv. vers.

After all; it may be doubted whether *la chaire nostree*, for so the French called the vension thus summarily prepared, was any thing more than a mere rude kind of deer-ham.

NOTES TO CANTO FIFTH.

Note I.

Nor then claim'd sovereignty his due,
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrowed truncheon of command. —
St. VI. p. 150.

There is scarcely a more disorderly period in Scottish history than that which succeeded the battle of Flodden, and occupied the minority of James V. Feuds of ancient standing broke out like old wounds, and every quarrel among the independent nobility, which occurred daily, and almost hourly, gave rise to fresh bloodshed. «There arose," says Pitscottie, „great trouble and deadly feuds in many parts of Scotland, both in the north and west parts. The Master of Forbes, in the north, slew the Laird of Meldrum under tryst, (i. e. *at an agreed and secured meeting*:) Likewise, the Laird of Drummelzier slew the Lord Fleming

at the hawking; and, likewise, there was slaughter among many other great lords," p. 121. Nor was the matter much mended under the government of the Earl of Angus: for though he caused the king to ride through all Scotland," under pretence and colour of justice, to punish thief and traitor, none were found greater than were in their own company. And none at that time durst strive with a Douglas, nor yet with a Douglas's man, for if they did, they got the worse. Therefore, none durst plainzie of no extortion, theft, reiff, nor slaughter, done to them by the Douglasses, or their men; in that cause they were not heard. so long as the Douglasses had the court in guiding."—*Ibid* p. 133.

Note II.

The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, reedem his share.
St. VII. p. 151.

The ancient Highlanders verified in their practice the lines of Gray: —

An iron race the mountain cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain;

For where unwearied sinews must be found,
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground;
To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood;
To tame the savage, rushing from the wood;
What wonder if, to patient valour train'd,
They guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd;
And while their rocky ramparts round they see
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawlesss force from confidence will grow,)
Insult the plenty of the vales below?)

Fragment on the Alliance of Education and Government.

So far, indeed, was a *Creagh*, or foray, from being held disgraceful, that a young chief was always expected to shew his talents for command so soon as he assumed it, by leading his clan on a successful enterprise of this nature, either against a neighbouring sept, for which constant feuds usually furnished an apology, or against the *Sassenach*, Saxons, or Lowlanders, for which no apology was necessary. The Gael, great traditional historians, never forgot that the Lowlands had, at some remote period, been the property of their Celtic

forefathers, which furnished an ample vindication of all the ravages that they could make on the unfortunate districts which lay within their reach. Sir James Grant of Grant is in possession of a letter of apology from Cameron of Lochiel, whose men had committed some depredation upon a farm called Moines, occupied by one of the Grants. Lochiel assures Grant, that, however the mistake had happened, his instructions were precise, that the party should foray the province of Moray, (a Low-land district,) where, as he coolly observes, «all men take their prey.»

Note III.

——————— *I only meant*
To shew the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu. — St. III. p. 147.

This incident, like some other passages in the poem, illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary, but borrowed from fact. The Highlanders, with the inconsistency of most nations in the same state, were alternately capable of great exertions of generosity, and of cruel revenge and perfidy. The

following story I can only quote from tradition, but with such an assurance from those by whom it was communicated, as permits me little doubt of its authenticity. Early in the last century, John Cunn, a noted Catheran, or Highland robber, infested Inverness shire, and levied *black mail* up to the walls of the provincial capital. A garrison was then maintained in the castle of that town, and their pay (country banks being unknown) was usually transmitted in specie, under the guard of a small escort. It chanced that the officer who commanded this little party was unexpectedly obliged to halt, about thirty miles from Inverness, at a miserable inn. About night-fall, a stranger, in the Highland dress, and of very prepossessing appearance, entered the same house. Separate accommodation being impossible the Englishman offered the newly-arrived guest a part of his supper, which was accepted with reluctance. By the conversation, he found his new acquaintance knew well all the passes of the country, which induced him eagerly to request his company on the ensuing morning. He neither disguised his business and charge, nor his apprehensions of that celebrated freebooter, John Gunn. The Highlander hesitated a moment, and then frankly consented to be his guide. Forth they set in the morning; and in travelling through a solitary and dreary

glen, the discourse again turned on John Gunn. «Would you like to see him?» said the guide; and, without waiting an answer to this alarming question, he whistled and the English officer, with his small party, were surrounded by a body of Highlanders, whose numbers put resistance out of question, and who were all well armed. «Stranger,» resumed the guide, «I am that very John Gunn by whom you feared to be intercepted, and not without cause; for I came to the inn last night with the express purpose of learning your route, that I and my followers might ease you of your charge by the road. But I am incapable of betraying the trust you reposed in me, and having convinced you that you were in my power, I can only dismiss you unplundered and uninjured.» He then gave the officer directions for his journey, and disappeared with his party, as suddenly as they had presented themselves.

Note IV.

—— On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled. — St. XII. p. 157.

The torrent which discharges itself from Loch

Vennachar, the lowest and eastmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Trosachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor, called Bochastle. Upon a small eminence, called the *Dun* of Bochastle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some entrenchments which have been thought Roman. There is adjacent to Callendar, a sweet villa, the residence of Captain Fairfoul, entitled the Roman Camp.

Note V.

See here, all vantageless I stand,
Armed, like thyself, with single brand.—
St. XII. p. 157.

The duellists of former times did not always stand upon those punctilios respecting equality of arms, which are now judged essential to fair combat. It is true, that in formal combats in the lists the parties were, by the judges of the field, put as nearly as possible in the same circumstances. But in private duel it was often otherwise. In that desperate combat which was fought between Quelus, a minion of Henry III. of France, and Antraguet, with two seconds on each side, from which only two persons escaped alive, Quelus complained that

his antagonist had over him the advantage of a poniard which he used in parrying, while his left hand, which he was forced to employ for the same purpose, was cruelly mangled. When he charged Antraguet with this odds, „Thou hast done wrong," answered he, „to forget thy dagger at home. We are here to fight, and not to settle punctilios of arms." In a similar duel, however, a younger brother of the house of Aubanye, in Angoulesme, behaved more generously on the like occasion, and at once threw away his dagger when his enemy challenged it as an undue advantage. But at this time hardly any thing can be conceived more horridly brutal and savage, than the mode in which private quarrels were conducted in France. Those who were most jealous of the point of honour, and acquired the title off *Ruffinés*, did not scruple to take every advantage of strength, numbers, surprise, and arms, to accomplish their revenge. The Sieur de Brantome, to whose discourse on duels I am obliged for these particulars, gives the following account of the death and principles of his friend, the Baron de Vitaux:

«J'ay oui conter à un Tireur d'armes, qui apprit à Millaud à en tirer, lequel s'appelloit le Seigneur Jacques Ferron, de la ville d'Ast, qui avoit estê à moy, il fut despuis tué à

Saincte-Basille en Gascogne, lors que Monsieur du Mayne l'assiègea, lui servant d'Ingénieur; et de malhéur, je l'avois addressè audit Baron quelques trois mois auparavant, pour l'exercer à tirer, bien qu'il en sçeust prou; mais il n'en fit conte: et le laissant, Millaud s'en servit, et le rendit fort adroit. Ce Seigneur Jacques donc me raconta, qu'il s'estoit montè sur un noyer, assez loing, pour en voir le combat, et qu'il ne vist jamains homme y aller plus bravement, ny plus résolument, ny de grace plus asseurée ny déterminée. Il commença de marcher de cinquante pas vers son ennemy, relevant souvent ses moustaches en haut d'une main; et estant à vingt pas de son ennemy, (non plustost) il mit la main à l'espèe qu'il tenoit en la main, non qu'il l'eust tirée encore; mais en marchant, il fit voller le fourreau en l'air, en le secouant, ce qui est le beau de cela, et qui monstroit bien une grace de combat bien assieurée et froide, et nullement téméraire, comme il y en a qui tirent leurs espées de cinq cents pas de l'ennemy, voire de mille, comme j'en ay veu ancuns. Ainsi mourut ce brave Baron, le parangon de France, qu'on nommoit tel, à bien venger ses querelles, par grandes et déterminées résolutions. Il n'estoit pas seulement estimé en France, mais en Italie, Espaigne, Allemaigne, en Boulogne et Angleterre; et desiroient fort les

Estrangers, venant en France, le voir; car je l'ay veu, tant sa renommée volloit. Il estoit fort petit de corps, mais fort grand de courage. Ses ennemis disoient qu'il ne tuoit pas bien ses gens, que par advantages et supercheries. Certes, je tiens de grands capitaines, et mesme d'Italiens, qui sont estez d'autres fois les premiers vengeurs du monde, in *ogni modo*, disoient-ils, qui ont tenu cette maxime, qu'une supercherie ne se devoit payer que par semblable monnoye, et n'y alloit point là de déshonneur." — *Oeuvres de Brantome*, Paris, 1787-8. Tome VIII. p. 90-92. It may be necessary to inform the reader, that this paragon of France was the most foul assassin of his time, and had committed many desperate murders, chiefly by the assistance of his hired banditti; from which it may be conceived how little the point of honour of the period deserved its name. I have chosen to give the heroes, who are indeed of an earlier period, a stronger tincture of the spirit of chivalry.

Note VI.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw. —
St. XV. p. 160.

A round target of light wood, covered with strong leather, and studded with brass or iron, was a necessary part of a Highlander's, equipment. In charging regular troops they received the thrust of the bayonet in this bucklet, twisted it aside, and used the broad-sword against the encumbered soldier In the civil war of 1745, most of the front-rank of the clans were thus armed; and Captain Grose informs us, that, in 1747, the privates of the 42d regiment, then in Flanders, were for the most part permitted to carry targets. — *Military Antiquities*, vol. I. p. 164. A person thus armed had a considerable advantage in private fray. Among verses between Swift and Sheridan, lately published by Dr Barrett, there is an account of such an encounter, in which the circumstances, and consequently the relative superiority of the combatants, are precisely the reverse of those in the text:

A Highlander once fought a Frenchman at
Margate,
The weapons, a rapier, a back-sword, and target;

Brisk Monsieur advanced as fast as he could,
But all his fine pushes were caught in the wood,
And Sawny, with back-sword, did slash him and nick him,
While t'other, enraged that he could not once prick him,
Cried, «Sirrah, you rascal, you son of a whore,
Me will fight you, be gar! if you'll come from your door.»

Note VII.

For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield. —
St. XV. p. 160.

The use of defensive armour, and particularly of the buckler or target, was general in Queen Elizabeth's time, although that of the single rapier seems to have been occasionally practised much earlier. * Rowland Yorke, however, who betrayed the fort of Zutphen to the Spaniards, for which good service he was afterwards poisoned by them, is said to have been the first who brought the rapier-figh tinto

* See Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. II. p. 61.

general use. Fuller, speaking of the swash-bucklers, or bullies of Queen Elizabeth's time, says, «West Smithfield was formerly called Ruffians' Hall, where such men usually met, casually or otherwise, to try *masteries* with sword and buckler. More were frightened than hurt, more hurt than killed therewith, it being accounted unmanly to strike beneath the knee. But since that desperate traitor Rowland Yorke first introduced thrusting with rapiers, sword and buckler are disused.» In The Two Angry Women of Abingdon, a comedy, printed in 1599, we have a pathetic complaint: — «Sword and buckler fight begins to grow out of use. I am sorry for it: I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up; then a tall man and a good sword and buckler man, will be spitted like a cat or rabbit.» But the rapier had upon the continent long superseded, in private duel, the use of sword and shield. The masters of the noble science of defence were chiefly Italians. They made great mystery of their art and mode of instruction, never suffered any person to be present but the scholar who was to be taught, and even examined closets, beds, and other places of possible concealment. Their lessons often gave the most treacherous advantages; for the challenger, hav-

ing the right to chuse his weapons, frequently selected some strange, unusual, and inconvenient kind of arms, the use of which he practised under these instructors, and thus killed at his ease his antagonist, to whom it was presented for the first time on the field of battle. See BRANTOME's *Discourse on Duels*, and the work on the same subject, «*si gentement ecrit*," by the venerable Dr Paris de Puteo. The Highlanders continued to use broad-sword and target until disarmed after the affair of 1745-6.

Note VIII.

Like mountain-cat, that guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung. —
St. XVI. p. 161.

I have not ventured to render this duel so savagely desperate as that of the celebrated Sir Ewan of Lochiel, chief of the clan Cameron, called, from his sable complexion, Ewan Dhu. He was the last man in Scotland who maintained the royal cause during the great civil war, and his constant incursions rendered him a very unpleasant neighbour to the republican garrison at Inverlochy, now Fort William. The governor of the fort detached a party of three hundred men to lay waste Lochiel's possessions, and

cut down his trees; but, in a sudden and desperate attack, made upon them by the chieftain, with very inferior numbers, they were almost all cut to pieces. The skirmish is detailed in a curious memoir of Sir Ewan's life, printed in the Appendix of Pennant's Scottish Tour.

«In this engagement, Lochiel himself had several wonderful escapes. In the retreat of the English, one of the strongest and bravest of the officers retired behind a bush, when he observed Lochiel pursuing, and seeing him unaccompanied with any, he leaped out, and thought him his prey. They met one another with equal fury. The combat was long and doubtful: the English gentleman had by far the advantage in strength and size; but Lochiel exceeding him in nimbleness end agility, in the end tript the sword out of his hand: they closed, and wrestled, till both fell to the ground, in each other's arms. The English officer got above Lochiel, and pressed him hard, but stretching forth his neck, by attempting to disengage himself, Lochiel, who by this time had his hands at liberty, with his left hand seized him by the collar, and jumping at his extended throat, he bit it with his teeth quite through, and kept such a hold of his grasp, that he brought away his mouthful: this, he

said, was *the sweetest bite he ever had in his lifetime.*" — Vol. I. p. 375.

Note IX.

Ye towers! within whose circuit dread,
A Douglas by his sovereign bled;
And thou, O sad and fatal mound!
That oft hast heard the death axe sound! —
St. XX. p. 166.

Stirling was often polluted with noble blood. It is thus apostrophized by J. Jonston!

——————— Discordia tristis
Heu quoties procerum sanguine tinxit humum!
Hoc uno infelix, et felix cetera, nusquam
Lætior aut cœli frons geniusve soli.

The fate of William, eighth Earl of Douglas, whom James II. stabbed in Stirling Castle with his own hand, and while under his royal safe-conduct, is familiar to all who read Scottish history. Murdack, Duke of Albany, Duncan, Earl of Lennox, his father-in-law, and his two sons, Walter and Alexander Stuart, were executed at Stirling, in 1425. They were beheaded upon an eminence without the castle walls, but making part of the same hill, from whence

they could behold their strong castle of Doune, and their extensive possessions. This «heading-hill," as it was sometimes termed, bears commonly the less terrible name of Hurly-hacket, from its having been the scene of a courtly amusement alluded to by Sir David Lindsay, who says of the pastimes in which the young king was engaged,

«Some harled him to the Hurly-hacket;

which consisted in sliding, in some sort of chair it may be supposed, from top to bottom of a smooth bank. The boys of Edinburgh, about twenty years ago, used to play at the hurly-hacket on the Calton-hill, using for their seat a horse's skull.

Nore X.

The burghors hold their sports to-day. — St. XX. p. 167.

Every burgh of Scotland, of the least note, but more especially the considerable towns, had their solemn *play*, festival, when feats of archery were exhibited, and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling the bar, and the other gymnastic exercises of the

period. Stirling, a usual place of royal residence, was not likely to be deficient in pomp upon such occasions, especially since James V. was very partial to them. His ready participation in these popular amusements was one cause of his acquiring the title of King of the Commons, or *Rex Plebeiorum*, as Lesley has latinized it. The usual prize to the best shooter was a silver arrow. Such a one is preserved at Selkirk and at Peebles. At Dumfries, a silver gun was substituted, and the contention transferred to fire-arms. The ceremony, as there performed, is the subject of an excellent Scottish poem, by Mr John Mayne, entitled the Siller Gun, 1808, which surpasses the efforts of Ferguson, and comes near those of Burns.

Of James's attachment to archery, Pitscottie, the faithful, though rude recorder of the manners of that period, has given us evidence:

«In this year there came an ambassador out of England, named Lord William Howard, with a bishop with him, with many other gentlemen, to the number of threescore horse, which were all the able men and waled (picked) men for all kind of games and pastimes, shooting, louping, running, wrestling, and casting of the stone, but they were well 'sayed (essayed or tried) ere they past out of Scotland, and that

by their own provocation: but ever they tint: till at last, the queen of Scotland, the king's mother, favoured the English-men, because she was the king of England's sister: and therefore she took an enterprise of archery upon the English mens hands, contrary her son the king, and any six in Scotland that he would wale, either gentlemen or yeomen, that the English-men should shoot against them, either at pricks, revers, or buts, as the Scots pleased.

«The king hearing this of his mother, was content, and gart her pawn a hundred crowns, and a tun of wine, upon the English-mens hands; and he incontinent laid down as much for the Scottish-men. The field and ground was chosen in St Andrew's, and three landed men and three yeomen chosen to shoot against the English-men, to wit, David Weemyss of that ilk, David Arnot of that ilk, and Mr John Wedderburn, vicar of Dundee; the yeomen, John Thomson, in Leith, Steven Taburner, with a piper, called Alexander Bailie; they shot very near, and warred (worsted) the English-men of the enterprise, and wan the hundred crowns and the tun of wine, which made the king very merry that his men wan the victory." -- P. 147.

Note XI.

——— *Robin Hood.* — St. XXII. p. 169.

The exhibition of this renowned outlaw and his band was a favourite frolic at such festivals as we are describing. This sporting, in which kings did not disdain to be actors, was prohibited in Scotland upon the Reformation, by a statute of the 6th parliament of Queen Mary, c. 61, A. D. 1555, which ordered, under heavy penalties, „na manner of person be chosen Robert Hude, nor little John, Abbot of Unreason, Queen of May, nor otherwise." But 1561, «the rascal multitude," says John Knox, «were stirred up to make a Robin Hude, whilk enormity was of mony years left and damned by statute and act of parliament; yet would they not be forbidden." Accordingly they raised a very serious tumult, and at length made prisoners the magistrates who endeavoured to suppress it, and would not release them till they extorted a formal promise that no one should be punished for his share of the disturbance. It would seem, from the complaints of the General Assembly of the kirk, that these prophane festivities were continued down to 1592.* Bold

* Book of the Universal Kirk, p. 414.

Robin was, to say the least, equally successful in maintaining his ground against the reformed clergy of England: for the simple and evangelical Latimer complains of coming to a country church, where the people refused to hear him, because it was Robin Hood's day; and his mitre and rochet were fain to give way to the village pastime. Much curious information on this subject may be found in the Preliminary Dissertation to the late Mr Ritson's edition of the songs respecting this memorable outlaw. The game of Robin Hood was usually acted in May; and he was associated with the morrice-dancers, on whom so much illustration has been bestowed by the commentators on Shakespeare. A very lively picture of these festivities, containing a great deal of curious information on the subject of the private life and amusements of our ancestors, was thrown by the late ingenious Mr Strutt, into his romance entitled Queen-hoo Hall, published after his death, in 1808.

Note XII.

Indifferent as to archer wight,
The Monarch gave the arrow bright. —
St. XXII. p. 170.

The Douglas of the poem is an imaginary

person, a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus, But the king's behaviour during an unexpected interview with the Laird of Kilspindie, one of the banished Douglasses, under circumstances similar to those in the text, is imitated from a real story told by Hume of Godscroft. I would have availed myself more fully of the simple and affecting circumstances of the old history, had they not been already woven into a pathetic ballad by my friend Mr. Finlay.*

«His (the king's) implacability (towards the family of Douglas) did also appear in his carriage towards Archibald of Kilspindie, whom he, when he was a child, loved sin ularly well for his ability of body, and was wont to call him his Gray-Steill.** Archibald being banished into England, could not well comport with the humour of that nation, which he thought to be too proud, and that they had too high a conceit of themselves, joined with a contempt and despising of all others. Wherefore, being wearied of that life, and remembering the king's favour of old towards him, he determined to

* See Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads Glasgow, 1808, vol. I'. p. 117.

** A champion of popular romance. See Ellis's *Romances*, vol. III.

try the king's mercifulness and clemency. So he comes into Scotland, and taking occassion of the king's hunting in the park at Stirling, he casts himself to be in his way, as he was coming home to the castle. So soon as the king saw him afar off, ere he came near, he guessed it was he, and said to one of his courtiers, yonder is my Gray Steill, Archibald of Kilspindy, if he be alive. The other answered, that it could not be he, and that he durst not come into the king's presence. The king approaching, he fell upon his knees and craved pardon, and promised from thence forward to abstain from meddling in public affairs, and to lead a quiet and private life. The king went by, without giving him any answer, and trotted a good round pace up the hill. Kilspindy followed, and, though he wore on him a secret or shirt of mail, for his particular enemies, was as soon at the castle-gate as the king. There he sat him down upon a stone without, and entreated some of the king's servants for a cup of drink, being weary and thirsty; but they, fearing the king's displeasure, durst give him none. When the king was set at his dinner, he asked what he had done, what he had said, and whither he had gone? It was told him that he had desired a cup of drink, and had gotten none. The king reproved them very

sharply for their discourtesy, and told them, that if he had not taken an oath that no Douglas should ever serve him, he would have received him into his service, for he had seen him some time a man of great ability. Then he sent him word to go to Leith, and expect his further pleasure. Then some kinsman of David Falconer, the canonier, that was slain at Tantallon, began to quarral with Archibald about the matter, wherewith the king shewed himself not well pleased when he heard of it. Then he commanded him to go to France for a certain space, till he heard further from him. And so he did, and died shortly after. This gave occasion to the King of England (Henry VIII.) to blame his nephew, alleging the old saying, That a king's face should give grace. For this Archibald (whatsoever were Angus's or Sir George's fault) had not been principal actor of any thing, nor no counseller nor stirrer up, but only a follower of his friends, and that noways cruelly disposed." — Hume *of Godscroft*, II. 107.

Note XIII.

Prize of the wrestling match, the king
To Douglas gave a golden ring. —

St. XXIII. p. 170.

The usual prize of a wrestling was a ram and a ring, but the animal would have embarrassed my story. Thus in the Cokes Tale of Gamelyn, ascribed to Chaucer:

There happed to be there beside
Tryed a wrestling;
And therefore there was y-setten
A ram and als a ring.

Again the litil geste of Robin Hood:

—— By a bridge was a wrastling,
And there taryed was he,
And there was all the best yemen
Of all the west countrey.
A full fayre game there was set up,
A white bull up y-pight,
A great courser with saddle and brydle,
With gold burnished full bryght;

A payre of gloves, a red golde ringe,
A pipe of myne good fay;
What man bereth him best I wis,
The prise shall bear away.

RITSON's *Robin Hood*, vol. I.

NOTES TO CANTO SIXTH

Note I.

These drew not for their fields the sword,
Like tenants of a feudal lord,
Nor owned the patriarchal claim
Of chieftain in their leader's name;
Adventurers they. —— St. III. p. 185.

The Scottish armies consisted chiefly of the nobility and barons, with their vassals, who held lands under them, for military service by themselves and their tenants. The patriarchal influence exercised by the heads of clans in the Highlands and Borders was of a different nature, and sometimes at variance with feudal principles. It flowed from the *Patria Potestas*, exercised by the chieftain as representing the

original father of the whole name, and was often obeyed in contradiction to the feudal superior. James V. seems first to have introduced, in addition to the militia furnished from these sources, the service of a small number of mercenaries, who formed a body-guard, called the Foot-Band. The satirical poet, Sir David Lindsay, (or the person who wrote the prologue to his play of the „Three Estaites,") has introduced Finlay of the Foot-Band, who, after much swaggering upon the stage, is at length put to flight by the fool, who terrifies him by means of a sheep's skull upon a pole. I have rather chosen to give them harsh features of the mercenary soldiers of the period, than of this Scottish Thraso. These partook of the character of the Adventurous Companions of Froissart, or the Condottieri of Italy.

One of the best and liveliest traits of such manners is the last will of a leader, called, Geffroy Tete Noir, who, having been slightly wounded in a skirmish, his intemperance brought on a mortal disease. When he found himself dying, he summoned to his bed-side the adventurers whom he commanded, and thus addressed them:

«Fayre sirs, quod Geffray, I knowe well ye have alwayes served and honoured me as men ought to serve their soveraygne and capitayne,

and I shal be the gladder if ye will agre to have to your capitayne one that is descended of my blode. Behold here Aleyne Roux, my cosyn, and Peter his brother, who are men of armes and of my blode. I require you to make Aleyne your capitayne, and to swere to him faythe, obeysaunce, love, and loyalte, here in my presence, and also to his brother: howe be it, I wyll that Aleyne have the soverayne charge. Sir, quod they, we are well content, for ye hauve ryght well chosen. There all the companyons made theym servyant to Aleyne Roux and to Peter his brother. Whan all that was done, then Geffraye spake agayne, and sayd: Nowe, sirs, ye hauve obeyed to my pleasure, I canne you great thanke; wherefore, sirs, I wyll ye have parte of that ye have holpen to conquere. I say unto you, that in yonder chest that ye se stande yonder, therin is to the some of xxx thousande frankes, — I wyll give them accordynge to my conscyence. Wyll ye all be content to fulfil my testament; howe saye ye? Sir, quod they, we be ryght well contente to fulfyl your commaundement. Thane firste, quod he, I wyll and give to the chapell of Saynt George, here in this castell, for the reparacions therof, a thousande and five hundrede frankes: and I give to my lover, who hath truly served me, two thousand and

five hundrede frankes: and also I give to Aleyne Roux, your newe capitayne, foure thousande frankes: also to the varlettes of my chambre I gyve fyve hundrede frankes. To mine offycers I gyve a thousand and five hundrede frankes. The rest I gyve and bequeth as I shall shew you. Ye be upon a thyrtie companyons all of one sorte: ye ought to be bretherne, and all of one alyaunce, without debate, ryotte, or stryfe among you. All this that I have shewed you ye shall fynde in yonder cheste. I wyll that ye departe all the resydue equally and truelly bitwene you thyrtie. And if ye be nat thus contente, but that the devylle wyll set debate bytwene you, than beholde yonder is a strong axe, breke up the coffer, and gette it who can. To those words every man ansuered end said, Sir, and dere maister, we are and shall be all of one accorde. Sir, we have so moche loved and douted you, that we will breke no coffer, nor breke no poynt of that ye have ordayned and commanded." — Lord BERNER's *Froissart.*

Note II.

Thou now hast glee-maiden ard harp;
Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,
The leader of a juggler band. — St. VI.
p. 189.

The yongleurs, or jugglers, as we learn from the elaborate work of the late Mr Strutt, on the sports and pastimes of the people of England, used to call in the aid of various assistants, to render these performances as captivating as possible. The glee-maiden was a necessary attendant. Her duty was tumbling and dancing; and therefore the Anglo-Saxon version of Saint Mark's Gospel states Herodias to have vaulted or tumbled before King Herod. In Scotland, these poor creatures seem, even at a late period, to have been bonds-women to their masters, as appears from a case reported by Fountainhall. «Reid the mountebank pursues Scot of Harden and his lady for stealing away from him a little girl, called the tumbling-lassie, that danced upon his stage: and he claimed damages, and produced a contract, whereby he bought her from her mother for 30*l.* Scots. But we have no slaves in Scotland, and mothers cannot sell their bairnes; and physicians attested, the employment of tumbling would kill

her; and her joints were now grown stiff, and she declined to return; though she was at least a 'prentice, and so could not run away from her master: yet some cited Mose's law, that if a servant shelter himself with thee, against his master's cruelty, thou shalt surely not deliver him up The lords, *renitente cancellario.* assoilzied Harden, on the 27th of January, (1687.) — FOUNTAINHALL's *Decisions*, vol. I. p. 439. *

The facetious qualities of the ape soon rendered him an acceptable addition to the strolling band of the jongleur. Ben Jonson, in his splenetic introduction to the comedy of «Bartholomew Fair," is at pains to inform the audience" that he has ne'er a sword and buckler man in his Fair, nor a juggler, with well-educated ape, to come over the chaine for the king of England, and back again for the prince,

* Though less to my purpose, I cannot help noticing a circumstance respecting another of this Mr Reid's attendants, which occurred during James II's zeal for cathotic proselytism, and is told by Fountainhall, with dry Scottish irony. "*January* 7th, 1687. — Reid the mountebank is received into the popish church and one of his blackamores was persuaded to accept of baptism from the popish priests, and to turn Christian papist; which was a great trophy he was called James, after the king and chancellor, and the apostle James." — Ibid, p 440.

and sit still on his haunches for the pope and the king of Spaine."

Note III.

That Stirring air which peals on high,
O'er Dermid's race our victory,
Sirike it ——— St. XIV. p. 197.

There are several instances, at least in tradition, of persons so much attached to particular tunes, as to require to hear them on their death-bed. Such an anecdote is mentioned by the late Mr Riddel of Glenriddel, in his collection of Border tunes, respecting an air called the «Dandling of the Bairns," for which a certain Gallovidian laird is said to have evinced this strong mark of partiality. It is popularly told of a famous freebooter, that he composed the tune known by the name of Macpherson's Rant while under sentence of death, and played it at the gallows-tree. Some spirited words have been adapted to it by Burns. A similar story is recounted of a Welch bard, who composed and played on his death-bed the air called *Dafyddy Garregg Wen.*

But the most curious example ts given by Brantome, of a maid of honour at the court of France, entitled, Mademoisselle de Limeuil.

«Durant sa maladie, dont e le trespassa, jamais elle ne cessa, ains causa tousjours; car elle estroit fort grande parleuse, brocardeuse, et très-bien et fort à propos, et très belle avec cela. Quand l'heure de sa fin fut venue, elle fit venir a soy son valet, (ainsi que le filles de la cour en ont chacune un) qui s'appelloit Julien, et scavoit très-bien joüer du violon. 'Julien, luy dit elle, prenez vostre violon et sonnez moy tousjours jusques a ce que me voyez morte (car je m'y en vais,) la défaite des Suisses, et le mieux que vous pourrez, et quand vous serez sur le mot, 'Tout est perdu,' sonnez le par quatre ou cing fois, le plus piteusement que vous pourrez,' ce qui fit l'autre, et elle-mesme luy aidoit de la voix, et quand ce vint 'tout est perdu,' alle le rèïtera par deux fois; et se tournant de l'autre costé du chevet, elle dit à ses compagnes: 'Tout est perdu à ce coup, et à bon escient;' et ainsi décéda. Voila une morte joyeuse et plaisante. Je tiens ce conte de deux de ses compagnes, dignes de foi, qui virent joüer ce mystere." — *Oeuvres de Brantome*, III. 507.

The tune to which this fair lady chose to make her final exit was composed on the defeat

of the Swiss at Marignano. The burden is quoted by Panurge, in Rabelais, and consists of these words, imitating the jargon of the Swiss, which is a mixture of French and German:

Tout est verlore,
La Tintelore,
Tout est verlore bi Got!

Note IV.

Battle of Beal' an Duine. — St. XV. p. 198.

A skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called in the Trosachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text It was greatly posterior in date to the reign of James V.

«In this roughly-wooded island, * the country people secreted their wives and children, and their most valuable effects, from the rapacity of Cromwell's soldiers, during their inroad into

* That at the eastern extremity of Loch Katrine, so often mentioned in the text.

this country, in the time of the republic. These invaders, not venturing to ascend by the ladders, along the side of the lake, took a more circuitous road, through the heart of the Trosachs, the most frequented path at that time, which penetrates the wilderness about half way between Binean and the lake, by a tract called Yea-chilleach, or the Old Wife's Bog.

«In one of the defiles of this by-road, the men of the country at that time hung upon the rear of the invading enemy, and shot one of Cromwell's men, whose grave marks the scene of action, and gives name to that pass.* In revenge of this insult the soldiers resolved to plunder the Island, to violate the women, and put the children to death. With this brutal intention, one of the party, more expert than the rest, swam towards the island, to fetch the boat to his comrades, which had carried the women to their asylum, and lay moored in one of the creeks. His companions stood on the shore of the main land, in full view of all that was to pass, waiting anxiously for his return with the boat. But, just as the swimmer had got to the nearest point of the island, and was laying hold of a black rock, to get on-

* Beallach an duine.

shore, a heroine, who stood on the very point where he meant to land, hastily snatching a dagger from below her apron, with one stroke severed his head from the body. His party seeing this disaster, and relinquishing all future hope of revenge or conquest, made the best of their way out of their perilous situation. This amazon's great-grandson lives at Bridge of Turk, who, besides others, attests the anecdote." — *Sketch of the Scenery near Callender.* Stirling, 1806, p. 20. I have only to add to this account, that the heroine's name was Helen Stuart.

Note V.

And Snowdoun's knight is Scotland's king.
— St. XXVI. p. 213.

This discovery will probably remind the reader of the beautiful Arabian tale of *Il Bondocani.* Yet the incident is not borrowed from that elegant story, but from Scottish tradition. James V., of whom we are treating, was a monarch whose good and benevolent intentions often rendered his romantic freaks venial, if not respectable, since, from his anxious attention to the interests of the lower and most oppressed

class of his subjects, he was, as we have seen, popularly termed the *King of the Commons*. For the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the less justifiable motive of gallantry, he used to traverse the vicinage of his severel palaces in various disguises. The two excellent comic songs, entitled «The Gaberlunzie Man," and «We'll gae nae mair a roving," are said to have been founded upon the success of his amorous adventures when travelling in the disguise of a beggar. The latter is perhaps the best comic ballad in any language.

Another adventure, which had nearly cost James his life, is said to have taken place at the village of Cramond, near Edinburgh, where he had rendered his addresses acceptable to a pretty girl of the lower rank. Four or five persons, whether relations or lovers of his mistress is uncertain, beset the disguised monarch, as he returned from his rendezvous. Naturally gallant, and an admirable master of his weapon, the king took post on the high and narrow bridge over the Almond river, and defended himself bravely with his sword. A peasant, who was threshing in a neighbouring barn, came out upon the noise, and, whether moved

by compassion or by natural gallantry, took the weaker side, and laid about with his flail so effectually, as to disperse the assailants, well threshed, even according to the letter. He then conducted the king into his barn, where his guest requested a bason and towel, to remove the stains of the broil. This being procured with difficulty, James employed himself in learning what was the summit of his deliverer's earthly wishes, and found that they were bounded by the desire of possessing, in property, the farm of Braehead, upon which he laboured as a bondsman. The lands chanced to belong to the crown; and James directed him to come to the palace of Holy-Rood, and enquire for the Guidman (*i. e.* farmer) of Ballangiech, a name by which he was known in his excursions, and which answered to *Il Bondocani* of Haroun Alraschild. He presented himself accordingly, and found, with due astonishment, that he had saved his monarch's life, and that he was to be gratified with a crown charter of the lands of Braehead, under the service of presenting an ewer, bason, and towel, for the king to wash his hands, when he shall happen to pass the Bridge of Cramond. This person was ancestor of the Howisons of Braehead, in Mid Lothian, a respectable family,

who continue to hold the lands (now passed into the female line) under the same tenure.

Another of James's frolics is thus narrated by Mr Campbell, from the Statistical Account. «Being once benighted when out a hunting, and separated from his attendants, he happened to enter a cottage in the midst of a moor, at the foot of the Ochil hills, near Alloa, where, unknown, he was kindly received. In order to regale their unexpected guest the *gudeman*, (*i. e.* landlord farmer,) desired the *gude-wife* to fetch the hen that roosted nearest the cock, which is always the plumpest, for the stranger's supper. The king, highly pleased with his night's lodging and hospitable entertainment, told mine host, at parting that he should be glad to return his civility, and requested that the first time he came to Stirling he would call at the castle, and enquire for the *gude man of Ballinguich*. Donaldson, the landlord, did not fail to call on the *gude man of Ballinguich*, when his astonishment at finding that the king had been his guest afforded no small amusement to the merry monarch and his courtiers; and, to carry on the pleasantry, he was thenceforth designated by James with the title of King of the Moors, which name and designation have

descended from father to son ever since, and they have continued in possession of the indentical spot, the property of Mr Erskine of Mar, till very lately, when this gentleman, with reluctance, turned out the descendant and representative of the King of the Moors, on account of his majesty's invincible indolence, and great dislike to reform or innovation of any kind, although, from the spirited example of his neighbour tenants on the same estate, he is convinced similar exertion would promote his advantage.»

The author requests permission yet farther to verify the subject of his poem, by an extract from the genealogical work of Buchanan of Auchmar, upon Scottish surnames.

«This John Buchanan of Auchmar and Arnpryor was afterwards termed King of Kippen,* upon the following account. King James V., a very sociable, debonair prince, residing at Stirling, in Buchanan of Arnpryor's time, carriers were very frequently passing along the common road, being near Arnpryor's house, with necessaries for the use of the king's fa-

* A small destrict of Perthshire.

mily; and he, having some extraordinary occasion, ordered one of these carriers to leave his load at his house, and he would pay him for it; which the carrier refused to do, telling him he was the king's carrier, and his load for his majesty's use; to which Arnpryor seemed to have small regard, compelling the carrier, in the end, to leave his load; telling him, if King James was king of Scotland, he was king of Kippen, so that it was reasonable he should share with his neighbour king in some of these loads, so frequently carried that road. The carrier representing this usage, and telling the story, as Arnpryor spoke it, to some of the king's servants, it came at length to his majesty's ears, who, shortly thereafter, with a few attendants, came to visit his neighbour king, who was in the mean time at dinner. King James having sent a servant to demand access, was denied the same by a tall fellow with a battle-axe, who stood porter at the gate, telling, there could be no access till dinner was over. This answer not satisfying the king, he sent to demand access a second time; upon which he was desired by the porter to desist, otherwise he would find cause to repent his rudeness. His majesty finding this method would not do, desired the porter to tell his

master that the good man of Ballageigh desired to speak with the king of Kippen. The porter telling Arnpryor so much, he, in all humble manner, came and received the king, and having entertained him with much sumptuousness and jollity, became so agreeable to King James, that he allowed him to take so much of any provision he found carrying that road as he had occassion for; and seeing he made the first visit, desired Arnpryor in a few days to return him a second to Stirling, which he performed, and continued in very much favour with the king, always thereafter being termed King of Kippen while he lived." — BUCHANAN'S *Essay upon the Family of Buchanan.* Edin. 1775, 8vo. p. 74.

The readers of Ariosto must give credit for the amiable features with which he is represented, since he is generally considered as the prototype of Zerbino, the most interesting hero of the Orlando Furioso.

Note VI.

——————— *Stirling's Tower*
Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims. —
St. XXVIII. p. 215.

William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Castle Snowdoun. Sir David Lindsay bestows the same epithet upon it in his Complaint of the Papingo:

> Adieu, fair Snawdoun, with thy towers high,
> Thy chaple-royal, park, and table round:
> May, June, and July would I dwell in thee,
> Were I a man, to hear the birdis sound,
> Whilk doth againe thy royal rock rebound.

Mr Chalmers, in his late excellent edition of Sir David Lindsay's works, has refuted the chimerical derivation of Snawdoun from *snedding*, or cutting. It was probably derived from the romantic legend which connected Stirling with King Arthur, to which the mention of the Round Table gives countenance. The ring within which justs were formerly practised, in the castle park, is still called the Round Table. Snawdoun is the official title of one of the

Scottish heralds, whose epithets seem in all countries to have been fantastically adopted from ancient history or romance.

It appears from the preceding note, that the real name by which James was actually distinguished in his private excursions, was the Goodman of Ballenguich; derived from a steep pass leading up to the Castle of Stirling, so called. But the epithet would not have suited poetry, and would besides at once, and prematurely, have announced the plot to many of my countrymen, among whom the traditional stories above mentioned are still current.

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